

ANC

CLEAN COMICS FOR EVERYONE

JULY

No. 103

10¢

# BIG SHOT

OH, HOW I LOVE  
A NICE, 'QUIET'  
FOURTH OF JULY,  
DIXIE!

NS/27





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



# Take Pictures Day or Night Indoors or Outdoors

For production reasons this well known manufacturer has changed designs . . . that is why this amazing nationally advertised camera with flash attachment for inside and night picture taking is yours for but a fraction of the intended price! It's a once in a lifetime offer . . . and we invite you to take two inside pictures and fourteen outside pictures at our risk. Picture size  $1\frac{1}{8} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ ". Mail coupon today!

**Complete with  
2 Super Flash Bulbs \$5.95  
and Roll High Speed Film TAX PAID**

This amazing Minicam camera uses standard No. 127 film you get at any drug store, but the first roll of high speed panchromatic film is our gift . . . for your testing convenience. The camera is built of indestructible stainless aluminum. Has 50 mm. universal focus with precision ground and polished fluoridated coated lens; no guessing. Just aim through the optical type eye level view finder and press the button. Take indoor or outdoor, day or night pictures. Yes, you'll get pictures impossible to take with ordinary outdoor cameras. Camera takes color pictures just as easy. But let home trial offer convince you. Mail coupon today.

FLASH  
ATTACHMENT  
LIKE PRESS  
PHOTOGRAPHERS  
CARRY

**TAKE 16  
PICTURES**

**AT OUR EXPENSE**

Mail coupon and we'll send camera together with two nationally advertised flash bulbs, plus a regular 16 picture roll No. 127 film. Deposit \$5.95 plus C.O.D. package through postman on arrival. Keep camera 10 days. Take two flash pictures indoors or at night and take the remaining pictures outdoors. Have your film developed and if you then don't agree you've made the camera buy at a lifetime, return camera and we will refund not only your \$5.95 price of the camera but the developing cost as well! The pictures are yours.

AND THAT ISN'T ALL! Each and every camera is unconditionally guaranteed perfect or else the manufacturer. There's nothing to wear out, nothing to get out of order. A lifetime of picture taking, indoors or outdoors, day or night, dark days or bright days, even pictures in color, is yours for the asking on an offer that other companies can't match. Mail coupon today.

**EVEREADY  
CARRYING CASE**

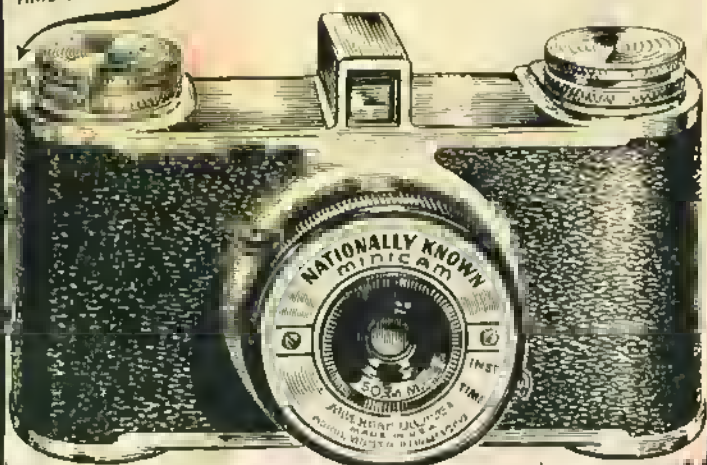
*with Your Name in Gold letters*

**SPECIAL at only \$1.50**

Heavy simulated leather with shoulder strap. Print plainly on coupon name you want in gold letters. Sub only with camera purchase.

MARTINS-DAVID CO., Dept. C52 J  
179 North Michigan, Chicago 1, Ill.

FLASH  
ATTACHMENT  
DISCONNECTS HERE  
INSTANTLY FOR DAY-  
TIME OUTDOOR USE



**SEND NO MONEY: Mail Coupon Today**

#### HOME TRIAL OFFER

Send Minicam Camera, Flash Attachment, 2 flash bulbs and 16 picture roll film. I'll deposit \$5.95 plus C.O.D. postage on arrival in guarantee I can return camera in 10 days and you will refund purchase price plus film developing costs. I can keep pictures for my trouble. I send \$5.95 with letter and we pay postage!

☐ For \$1.00 extra send imitation leather shoulder strap carrying case imprinted with this name in gold letters.

(No refund on case)

MARTINS-DAVID CO., Dept. C52 J  
179 North Michigan, Chicago 1, Ill.

Name

Address

City  Zone  State

NAME

# SPARKY WATTS

Boody  
Rogers

Dear Sparky: South Bend, Ind.

My two children and I follow your adventures every month in Big Shot Comics, and we feel that you are a very close friend, so your problem touches us very deeply.

I was engaged to a boy who was injured in World War I. The doctors said he would be a wheelchair invalid for life, but I married him just the same. I'm sure my love and care helped him get well. He walks now with only a slight limp and is a wonderful husband and father. Marry Dotty and help her get well. Please don't ~~forget~~ my name.

Yours,

69

WHAT'S THAT, SPARKY---SOME MORE MAIL ABOUT YOU AND DOTTY OASH ?

YES, OOC---I GOT LOTS OF LETTERS AGAIN TODAY---I'M SEPARATING THEM IN TWO GROUPS!

IT SEEMS THERE ARE MORE IN THE "NO" BOX !

YES---SO FAR 216 PEOPLE SAY I **SHOULDN'T** MARRY DOTTY SINCE SHE BECAME CRIPPLED---AND 198 SAY I **SHOULD**! LISTEN TO THIS ONE---IT'S FROM LUBBOCK, TEXAS !



"DEAR SPARKY---**BOY!** ARE YOU IN A PICKLE?!" I KNEW A GIRL WHO WAS HURT IN A BASKETBALL GAME AND HER BOY FRIEND **MARRIED** HER EVEN THOUGH ALL HIS FRIENDS ADVISED HIM **AGAINST IT!** THE GIRL GOT WELL OKAY---BUT STILL **PRETENDS HER BACK HURTS** AND WON'T LIFT HER LITTLE PINKY TO EVEN WASH HER **OWN DIRTY DISHES-----**"

-2-  
The boy works ten hours a day earning her a living, plus waiting on her and doing all the housework and he's becoming a **WRECK** himself while she lies around reading books, listening to the radio, and eating **Chocolates!** So my advice is **Never** marry an invalid unless there's no possible way to avoid it!

Sincerely yours,  
*Lloyd Barnett.*

THAT'S AN EXTREME CASE, SPARKY----BUT MR. BARNETT IS RIGHT! PLEASE **DON'T MARRY DOTTY** UNLESS SHE FIRST GETS WELL!

LISTEN TO THIS LETTER, DOC!

"DEAR SPARKY--PLEASE MARRY DOTTY! A LITTLE THING LIKE A **BROKEN BACK** SHOULDN'T KEEP TWO PEOPLE APART WHO REALLY LOVE EACH OTHER. I'M SURE MY HUSBAND **FELL ON HIS HEAD** WHEN HE WAS A BABY BECAUSE HE DOESN'T HAVE **ENOUGH SENSE** TO HOLD A JOB A WEEK. I DO SEWING AND TAKE IN WASHING, AND MY DARLING HUSBAND DELIVERS THE PACKAGES FOR ME---WHEN HIS HEAD ISN'T **ACHING**---WHICH IS **MOST OF THE TIME**. I WANT YOU TO MARRY DOTTY SO THERE WILL BE SOMEBODY ELSE WHO IS AS **MISERABLE AS I AM!**  
YOURS TRULY  
**TIRED TILLY."**

THAT SOUNDS LIKE A GAG---BUT IT MAKES SENSE! YOU WOULD BE MISERABLE TO THE LAST DAY OF YOUR LIFE!!

NO, DOC---I WOULD FEEL THAT I HAD DONE THE HONORABLE THING BY MARRYING DOTTY--AND PERHAPS MY LOVE AND TENDER CARE WOULD HELP HER GET WELL!

HERE'S ONE THAT'S ON MY SIDE---  
----"DEAR SPARKY, MARRY DOTTY! SHE'LL MAKE YOU A WONDERFUL WIFE! IF YOU DON'T WANT HER, **SEND FOR ME AT ONCE!** I'LL MARRY HER---  
---AND **HDW!!** **WOW!!!**  
**BOB STUTEVOSS,**  
**SACRAMENTO, CALIF."**

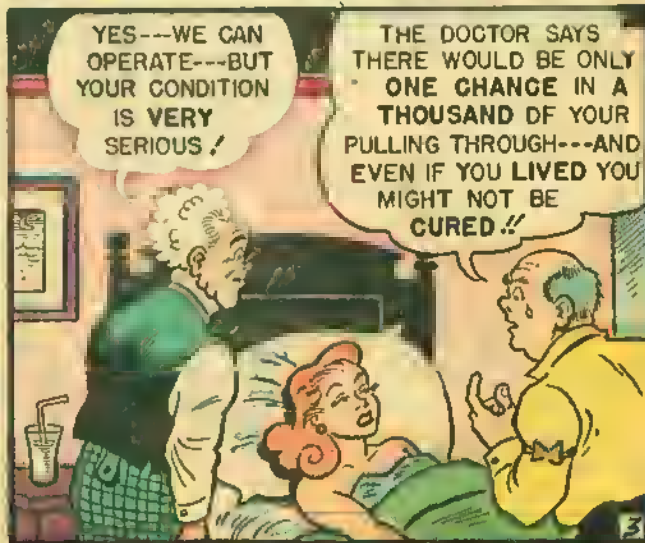
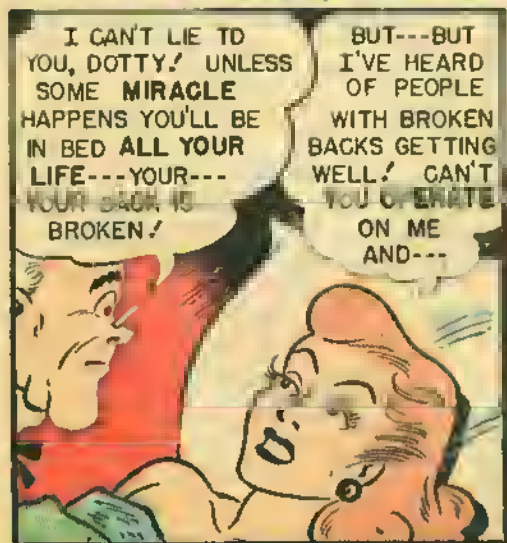
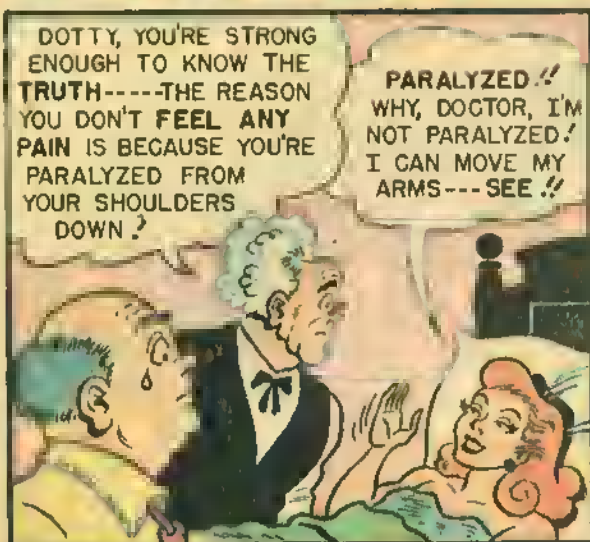
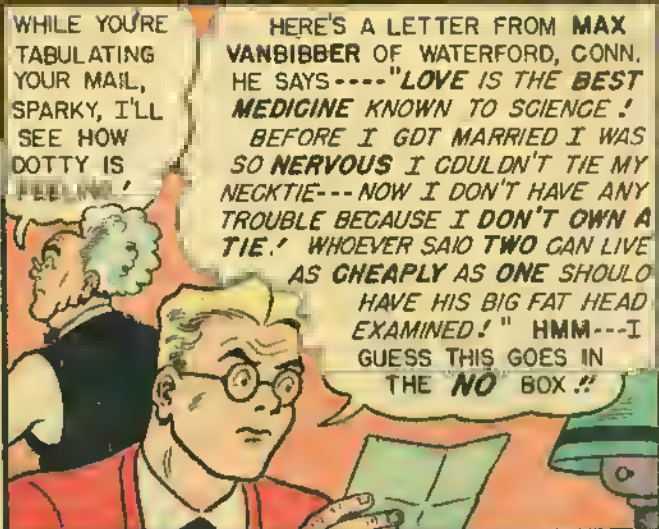
DA!

SLAP APPY

NO

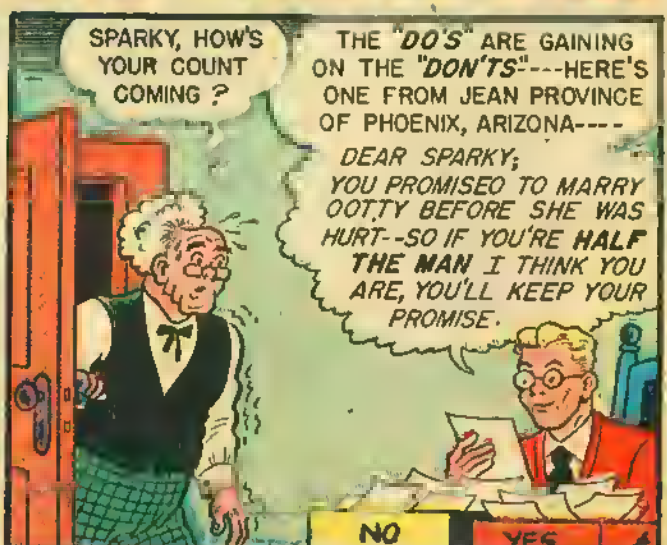
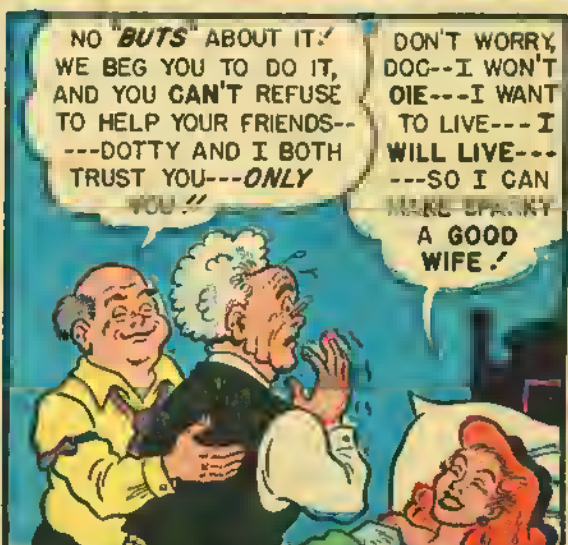
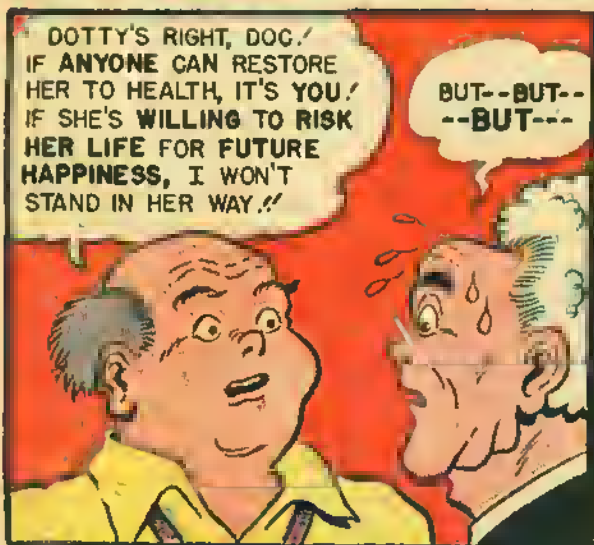
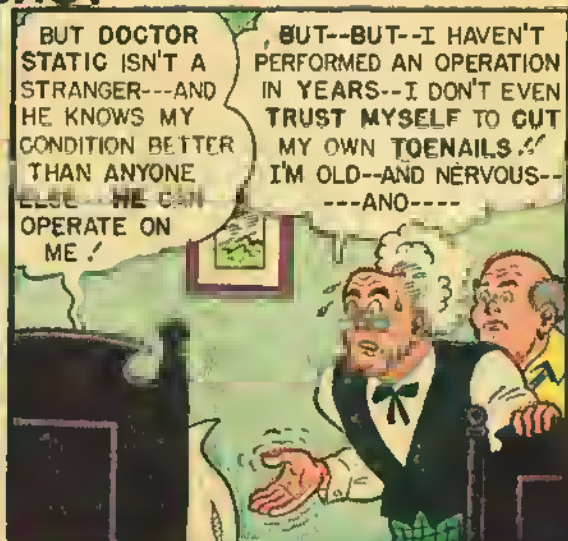
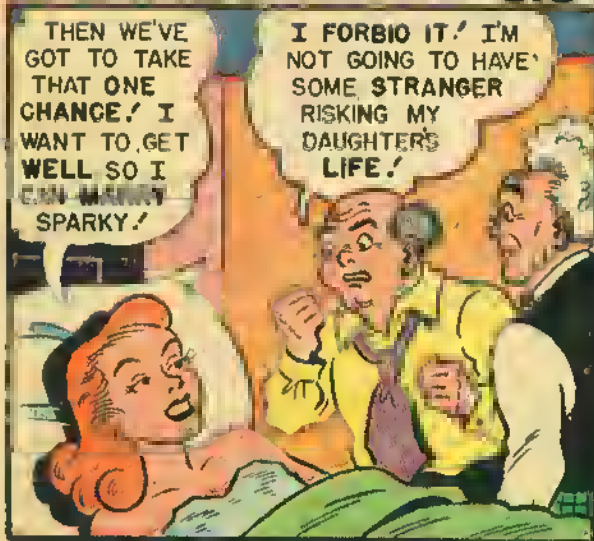
YES

# BIG SHOT

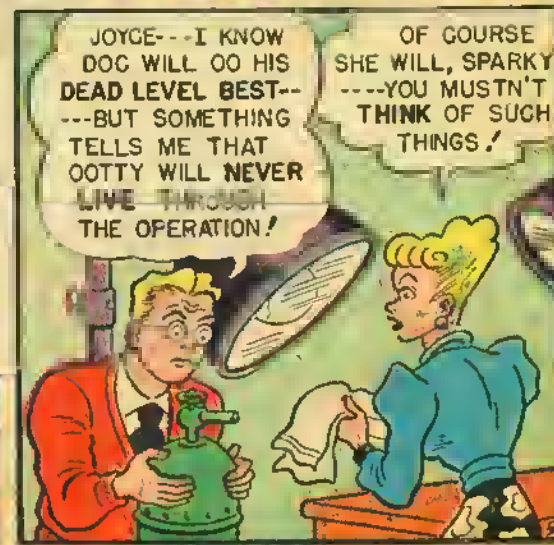
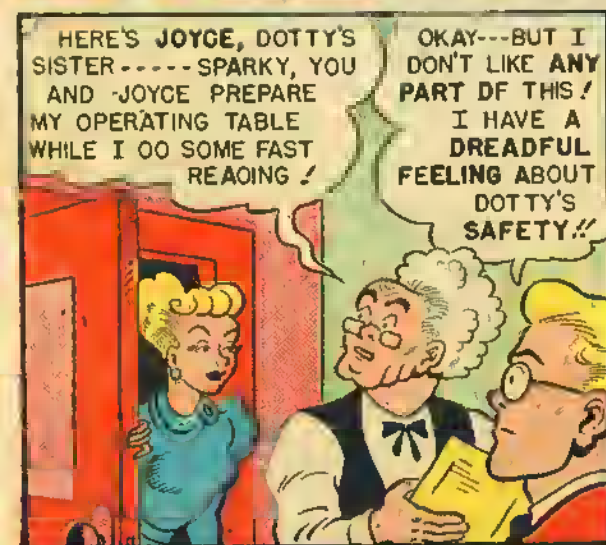
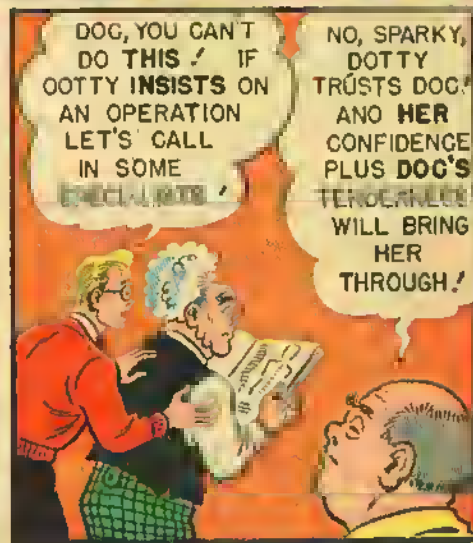
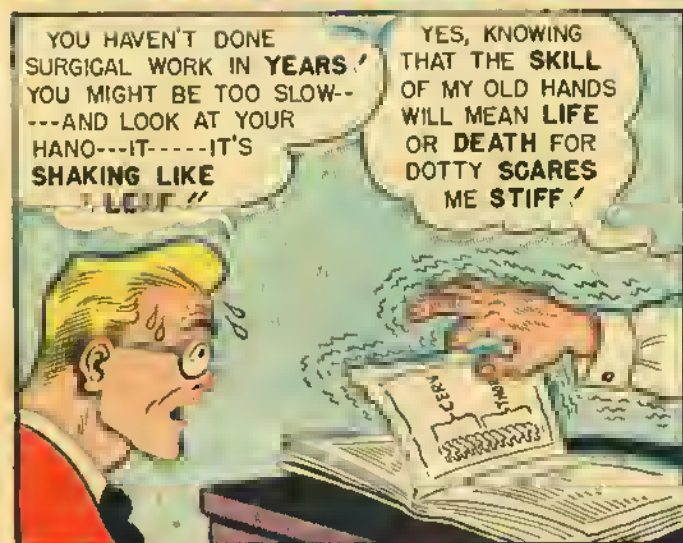
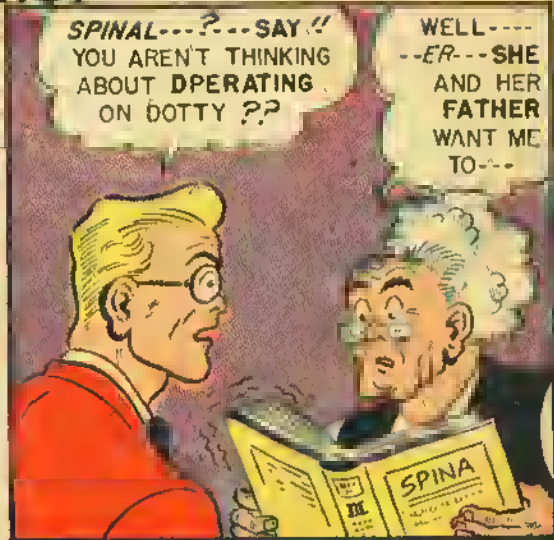




# BIG SHOT

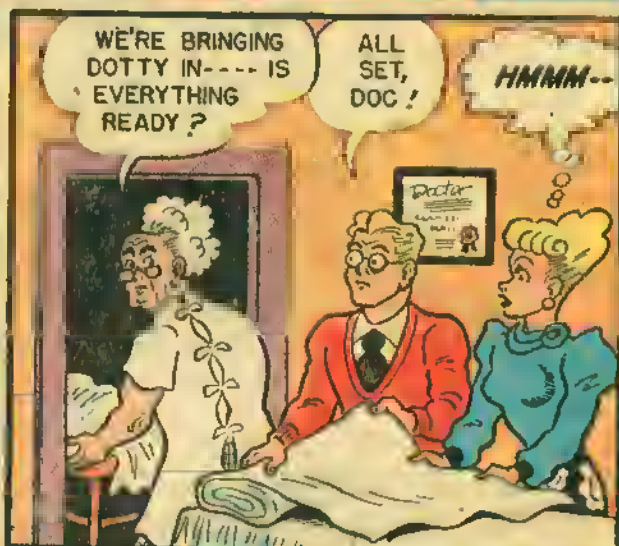
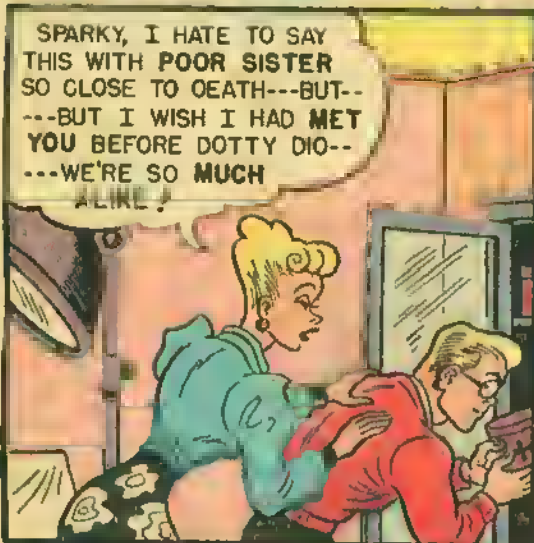
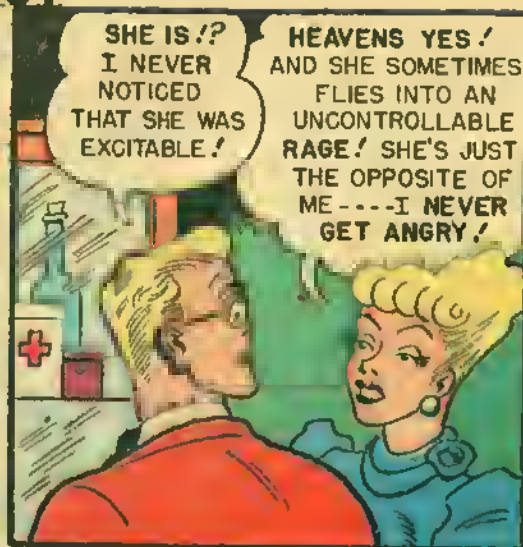
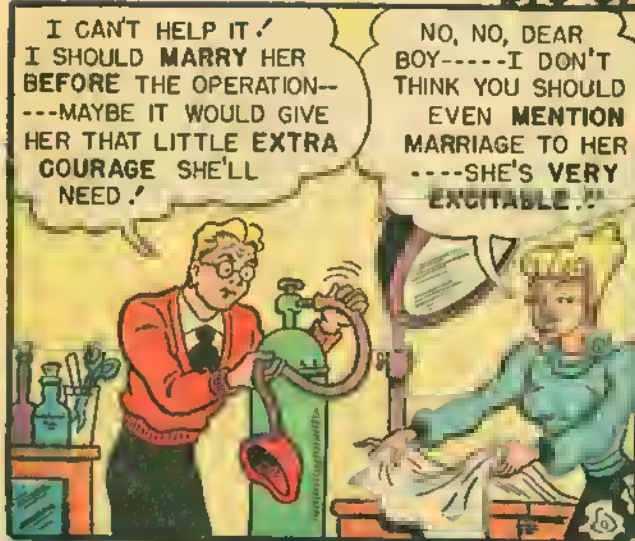


# BIG SHOT





# BIG SHOT



WE HAVEN'T ROOM TO PRINT ALL THE LETTERS SPARKY HAS RECEIVED-----BUT OUR WARMEST THANKS FOR THE NICE LETTERS FROM FANS LISTED BELOW----

## HOW YOU VOTED

### SPARKY SHOULD MARRY--

JIM DOBBS.....ST. LOUIS, MO.  
 RIDDY OODGE.....GARY, IHO  
 SUE PLACE.....WICHITA, KAN.  
 BOB BROWN....DALLAS, TEX.  
 RAY CURTIS.....B'KLYN, N.Y.  
 S. STANISLAUS....  
 JOE MCGRAW..CHILDRESS, TEX.  
 WM. MARGOWSKI....PHILLY.  
 EVA STONE....WESTBURY, N.Y.  
 JUOY TOBIN....CASPER, WYO.  
 S. DE BEAU...NEW ORLEANS

### SPARKY SHOULD NOT MARRY--

AL CARRENO....SANTA FE, N.M.  
 NEO MALONE....KANSAS CITY  
 KATE DALLS.....EUGENE, ORE.  
 FRANCIS FORO...DENVER, COLO.  
 ALICE SHAW....PUEBLO, COLO.  
 L.M. BLACK.....SAN ANTONIO  
 R. ROSENFELD...ROSLYN, N.Y.

P.S. ANOTHER BATCH OF LETTERS HAS JUST ARRIVED THE VOTE NOW STANDS AT 533 FOR----619 AGAINST.

# BIG SHOT

## Dixie Dugan

BY  
McEVY AND STRIEBEL

JOE - IN A WAY IT'S A SHAME TO KEEP ANIMALS PENNED UP LIKE THIS

OH IT IS, IS IT?

IF OSCAR HERE COULD TALK HE'D PROBABLY TELL YOU HOW ALL THE ANIMALS FEEL



I FORGOT TO CLOSE  
THE DOOR ONE DAY -

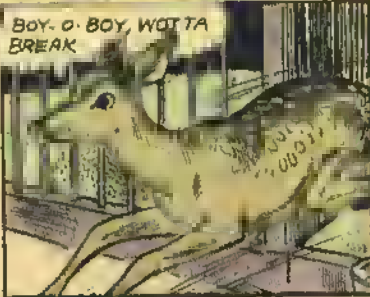
BACK TO THE FOREST HE RAN -

IT FINALLY CAME TIME  
FOR DINNER -

BOY, O BOY, WOTTA  
BREAK

FREE FREE FREE  
WHEEE

HM - LET'S SEE - I GOTTA  
FIND SOME GRUB



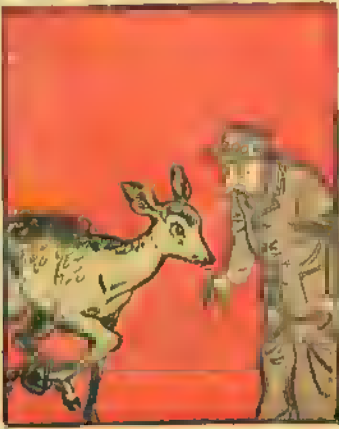
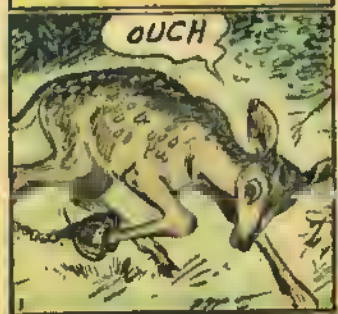
AND DINNER TIME PASSED -

THEN - A HUNTER

I KINDA MISS OLE JOE (SIGH)

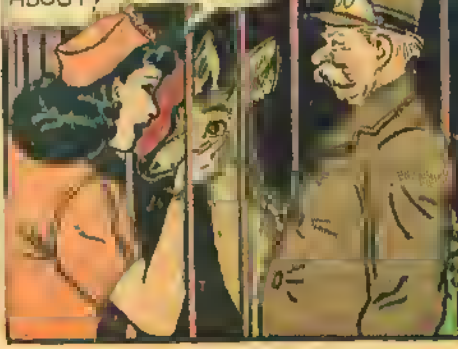


A TRAP -



GOLLY - THEY ARE LUCKY  
- NO HUNTERS - TAXES  
- NOTHING TO WORRY  
ABOUT!

NOPE - THE  
JUST LIVE

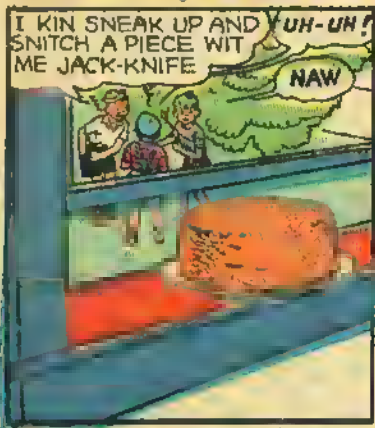
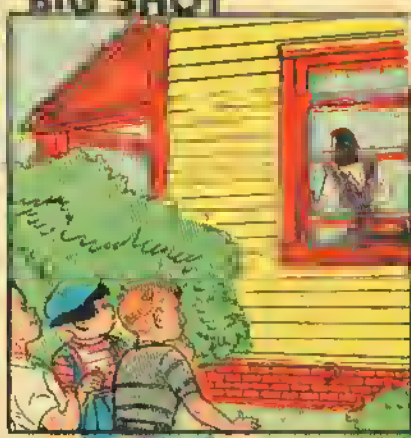




# BIG SHOT



**Dixie Dugan**  
By McEVY AND TRIEBEL



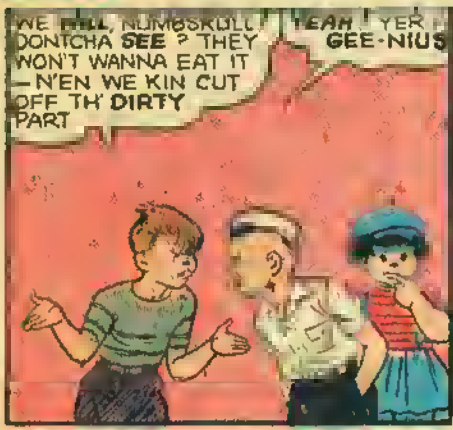
UH-UH!  
NAW



I GOTTA SWELLER  
IDEA 'N THAT—



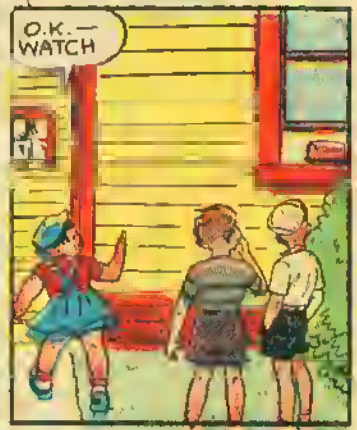
I'LL BUMP IT  
ACCIDENTAL-LIKE  
AN' IT'LL FALL  
TO THE GROUND  
BUT WE WANNA  
EAT IT, DUMMY!



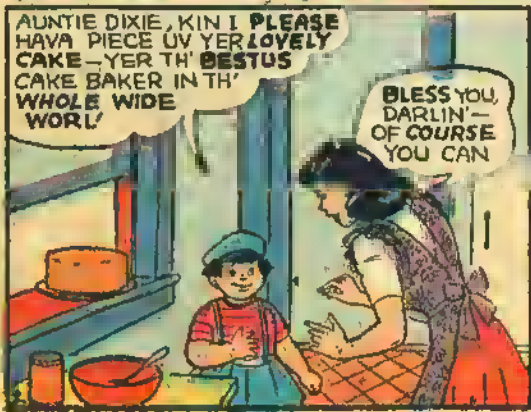
YEAH! YER  
GEE-NIUS



I GOT TH' BESTUST  
IDEA OF ALL—  
SCRAM!  
NO GALS  
GOT NO  
IDEAS

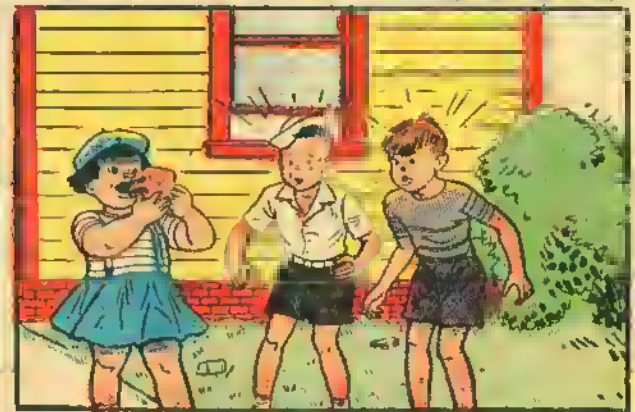


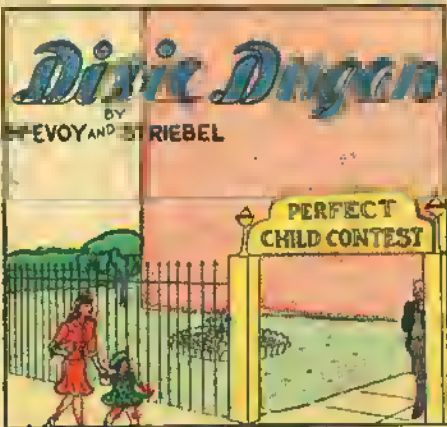
O.K.—  
WATCH



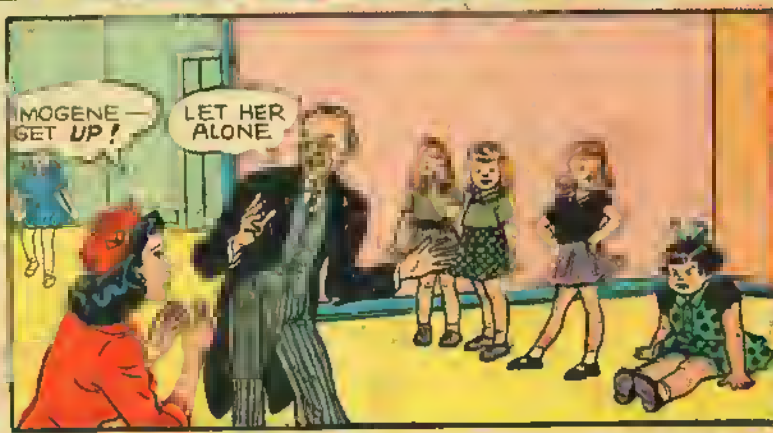
AUNTIE DIXIE, KIN I PLEASE  
HAV A PIECE UV YER LOVELY  
CAKE—YER TH' BESTUS  
CAKE BAKER IN TH'  
WHOLE WIDE  
WORLD!

BLESS YOU,  
DARLIN'—  
OF COURSE  
YOU CAN





**BIG SHOT**





# BIG SHOT

## Dixie Dugan

DIXIE - THIS IS SLUGGER MILES

FIGHTER ?

NAW - BASEBALL

OH - BASEBALL !! ARE YOU ~ UH ~ GOOD ?

GOOD ?? YA SAID IT, SISTER

I NEVER FORGET THE TIME I FACED BURNEM BAILEY IN THE WORLD SERIES ~

"BASES LOADED - LAST OF THE NINTH AND I SOCKED A HOMER

ARE YOU WITH A BALL CLUB NOW?

NOPE - JUST GOT OUT OF THE ARMY - BAD KNEE

HOWEVER ALL TH BIG CLUBS ARE AFTER ME FOR PINCH HITTING

OH - DO ME A FAVOR? AS LONG AS YOU'RE NOT SIGNED UP YET WILL YOU PINCH HIT FOR OUR LOCAL TEAM THIS AFTERNOON?

HAW-HAW! WHY NOT? BE GOOD TO PRACTICE

HE'S AGREED TO PINCH HIT FOR US TODAY - WHAT D YOU SAY? - YOU'RE TH' MANAGER

HIM ?? HA-HA-HA - O.K. -

WHAT'S SO FUNNY, MONEY?

PAY NO ATTENTION, HE'S JEALOUS

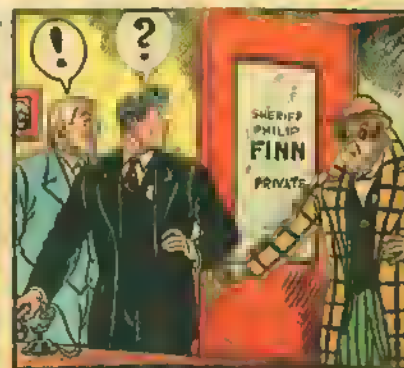
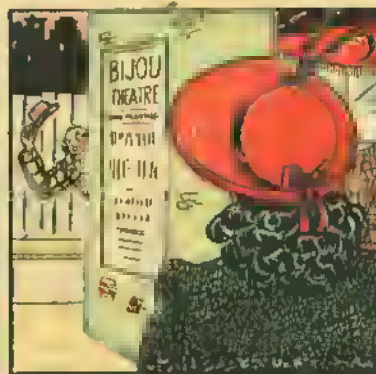
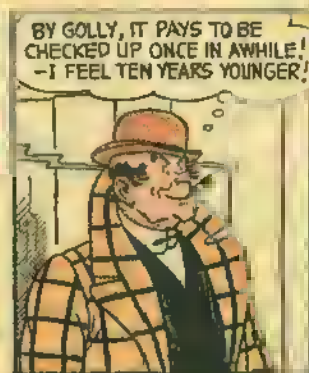
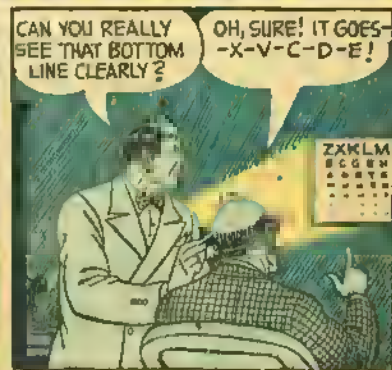
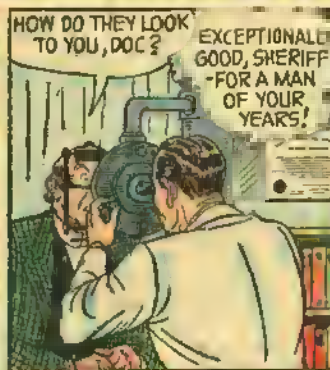
O.K. GIRLS - A PINCH HITTING KID - TH' BEST I COULD FIND

GIRLS SOFT BALL LEAGUE GAME TODAY

RAY WHEE

# MICKEY FINN

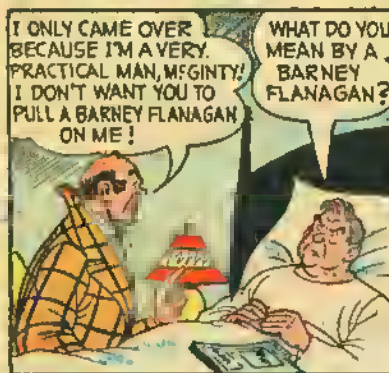
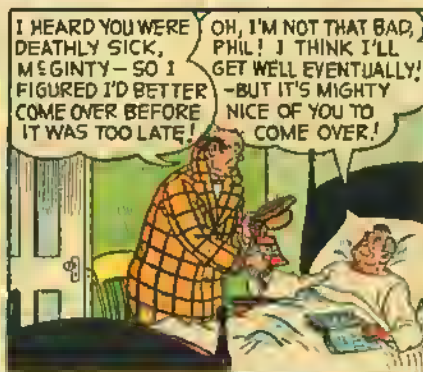
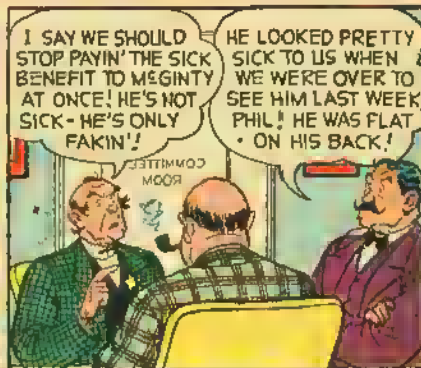
By Lank Leonard





# MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard



# MICKEY FINN

By Lank Leonard

LATE LAST WINTER

I UNDERSTAND THAT PHIL HAS QUIT GOING TO THE GYM AT HIS LODGE, MICKEY?

YES, SERGEANT-HE DECIDED IT WAS TOO STRENUOUS - HE'S GOING TO REDUCE THE EASY WAY!

YOU MEAN HE'S REALLY GOING TO START EATING LESS FOOD?

OH, NO - NOT THAT! HE'S GOING TO A MASSEUR! SOMEBODY TOLD HIM THAT A GOOD ONE COULD RUB OFF A COUPLE OF POUNDS A DAY!

HA! THAT'S RICH! ALL THE MASSEURS IN THE COUNTRY COULDN'T RUB OFF HIS CORPORATION - NOT IN TWENTY YEARS!

THAT'S WHAT I TOLD HIM! BUT HE WENT OUT TO LOOK FOR ONE JUST THE SAME!

OUR FEE IS \$25<sup>99</sup> A TREATMENT - OR \$200<sup>99</sup> FOR A SERIES OF TEN!

GOOD DAY!

THEY WANT \$25<sup>99</sup> A TREATMENT, EH? I'LL BET "ROUND HEEL" ROONEY WOULD DO IT FOR A COUPLE OF BUCKS!

"ROUND HEEL" ROONEY? THE OLD HEAVYWEIGHT FIGHTER?

YEAH! HE'S OPENED A LITTLE GYM OVER ON JAY STREET - RIGHT NEXT TO DUGAN'S DINER!

LISTEN, PHIL - TAKE MY ADVICE AND KEEP AWAY FROM ROONEY! HE'S PUNCH DRUNK!

HE MAY BE A LITTLE PUNCHY, CLANCY, BUT HE'S A GREAT RUBBER! LOTS OF BOXERS AND JOCKEYS GO TO HIM WHEN THEY HAVE TROUBLE MAKIN' WEIGHT!

THANKS FOR THE SUGGESTION, MONAHAN - I'LL GO OVER AND SEE HIM RIGHT NOW!

AND YOU GUARANTEE THAT YOU CAN RUB THIS CORPORATION OFF?

POZALOOTELY! SLIP INTO DESE TRUNKS SO I KIN GIVE YA A COMPLEX DIAGNOSES!

AS ME OLD PERFESSER IN DE REFORM SCHOOL WOULD SAY - DIS IS DE MOST DIFFICULT PROBLEM WE HAVE YET FACED, ROONEY!

YEAH! ALL DESE ALBUMINEL MUSSELS HAS TO BE UNLOOSEENED FOIST! WILL YA EXCUSE US, SHERIFF? WE GOTTA HOLD A LITTLE PRIVATE CONSULTOOSHEN!

SOFTENLY - I MEAN CERTAINLY!

IT'D BE DA QUICKEST WAY TO SOFTEN IT UP, ROONEY - AND AFTER ALL, HE'S ONLY PAYIN' TWO BUCKS!

DAT'S RIGHT - BUT FOIST WE'D BETTER CONVINCE HIM DAT HIS CASE CALLS FOR PLASTIC MEZZURES.

DO ANYTHING YOU WISH, ROONEY! I'M PLACING MYSELF COMPLETELY IN YOUR HANDS!

CLANG! OOOOF



# BIG SHOT

OH, HELLO, MR. CLANCY! IF YOU WANT TO TALK TO UNCLE PHIL, HE'S NOT HERE!

I KNOW WHERE HE IS, MICKEY! -THAT'S WHY I'M CALLING! HE'S GONE OVER TO "ROUND HEEL" ROONEY'S GYM TO HAVE ROONEY OFF HIM-



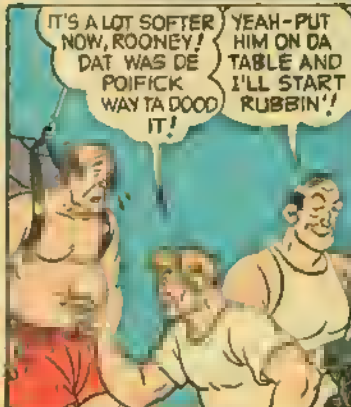
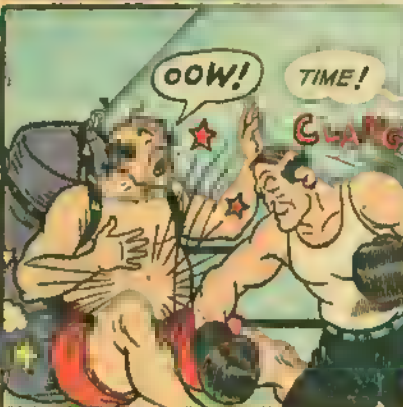
ROONEY IS PRETTY PUNCHY, YOU KNOW, AND HE MIGHT DO PHIL SOME HARM - NOT INTENTIONALLY, OF COURSE, BUT YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

GEE, THANKS, MR. CLANCY - I'LL GO RIGHT OVER!



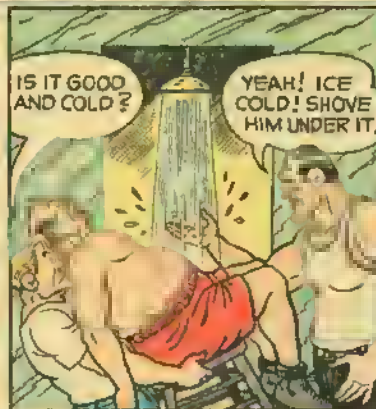
DID CLANCY SAY WHAT TIME PHIL WENT OVER, MICKEY?

YES - ABOUT AN HOUR AGO - SO ROONEY MAY BE WORKING ON HIM ALREADY!



I THINK WE LEFT HIM IN TOO LONG - HE'S PASSED OUT!

DAT'S NUTTIN'! A COLD SHOWER WILL WAKE HIM UP - AND QUICK!



THE DOCTOR SAID HE'LL BE OKAY IN A COUPLE OF HOURS, MR. CLANCY - HE'S SLEEPIN' NOW, BUT I SUPPOSE HE'LL BE DOWN TO SEE YOU AS SOON AS HE WAKES UP!

WELL, DON'T LET ON THAT YOU'VE TOLD ME, MICKEY. KEEP THE WHOLE THING QUIET - TOO MANY PEOPLE ARE QUESTIONIN' PHIL'S INTELLIGENCE AND IT IS!



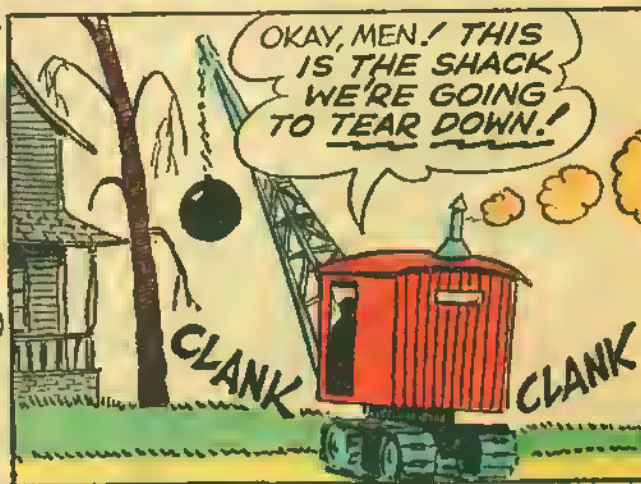
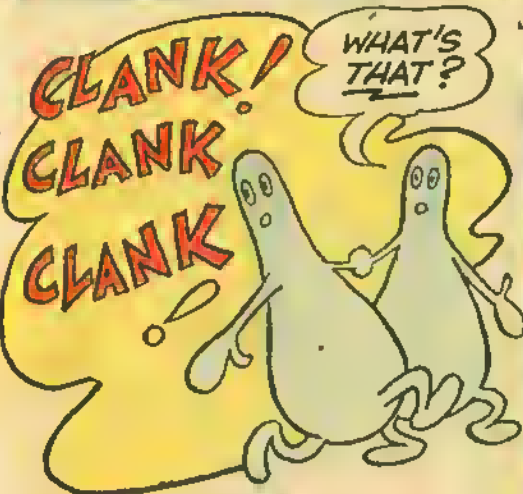
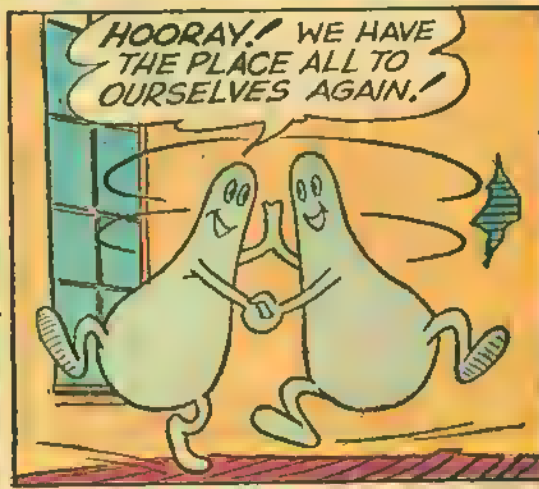
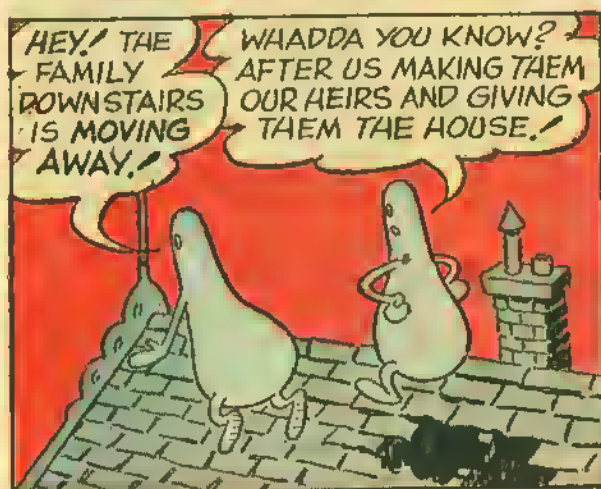
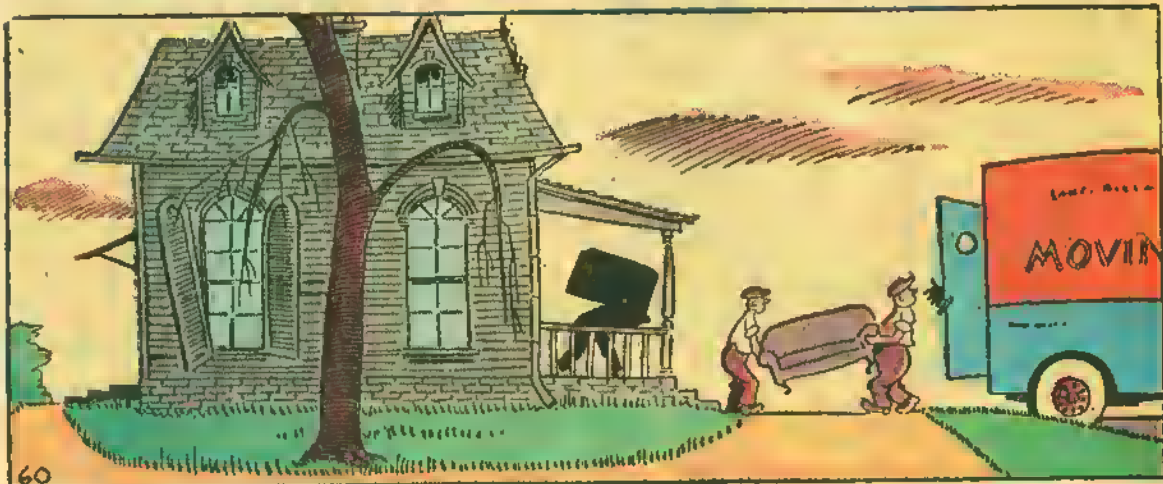
ONE LOOK AT HIM, CLANCY, AND I WALKED OUT! ONLY A HALF-WIT WOULD HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THAT GUY!

YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT!

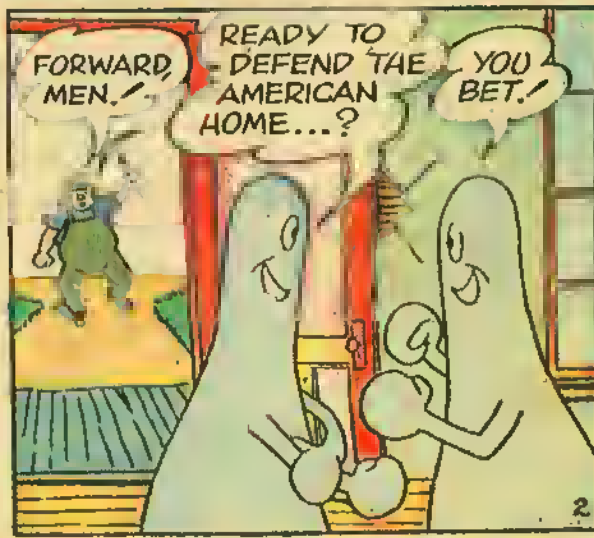
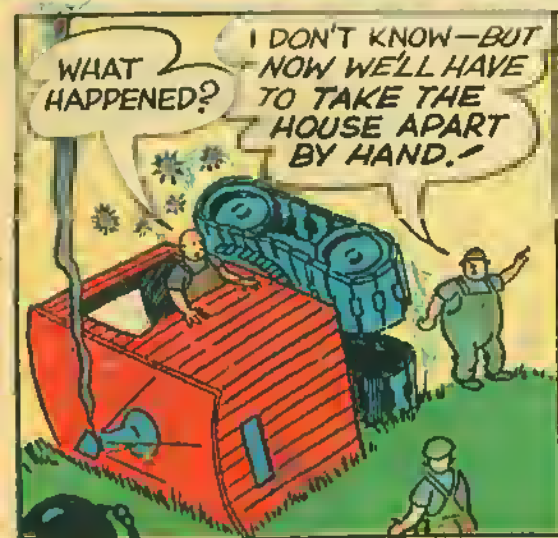
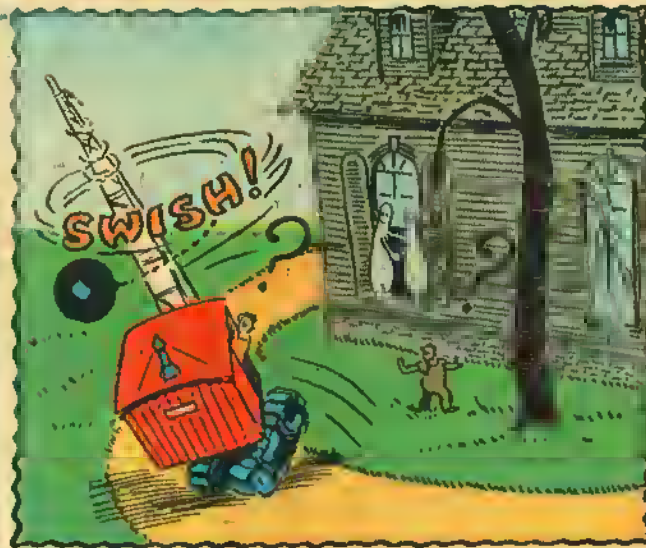
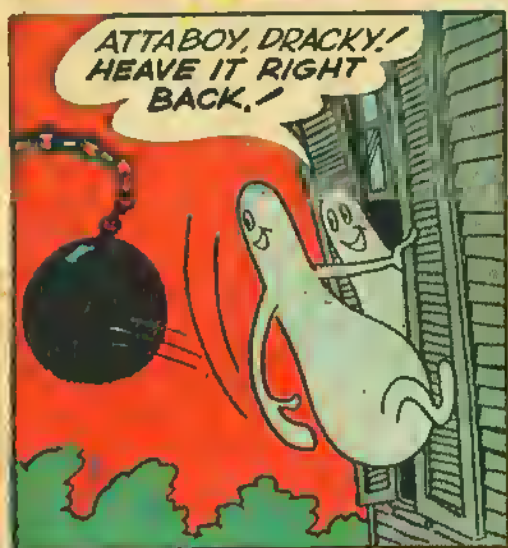
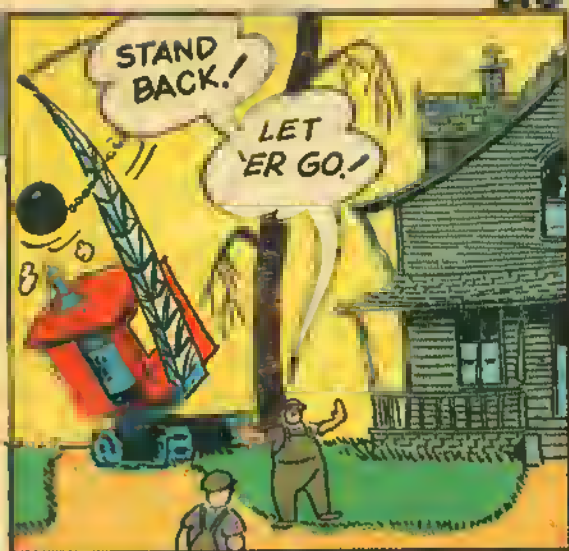


# BIG SHOT BRASS KNUCKLES

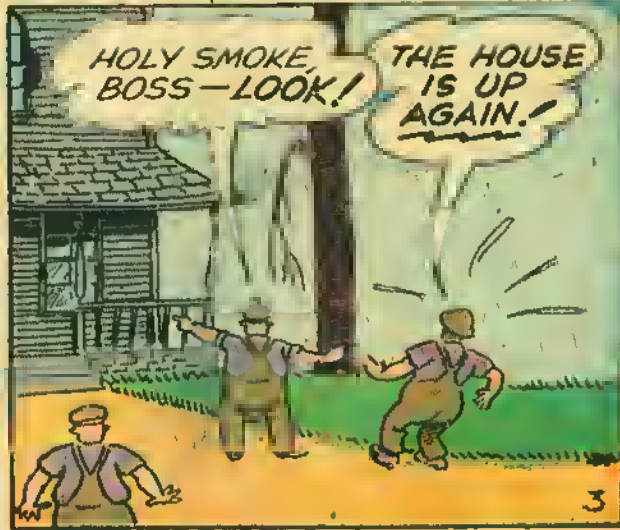
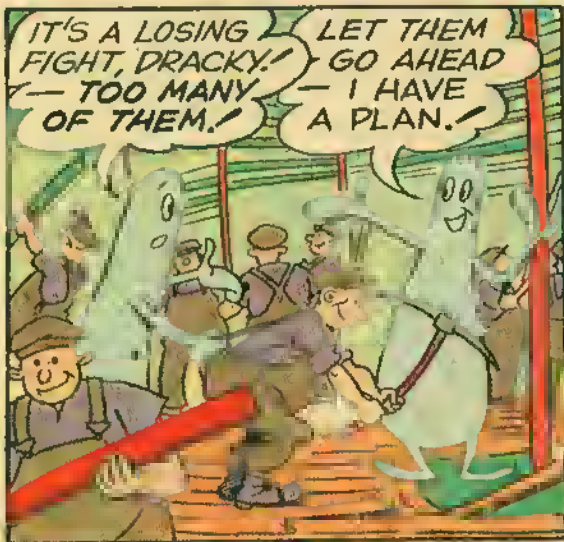
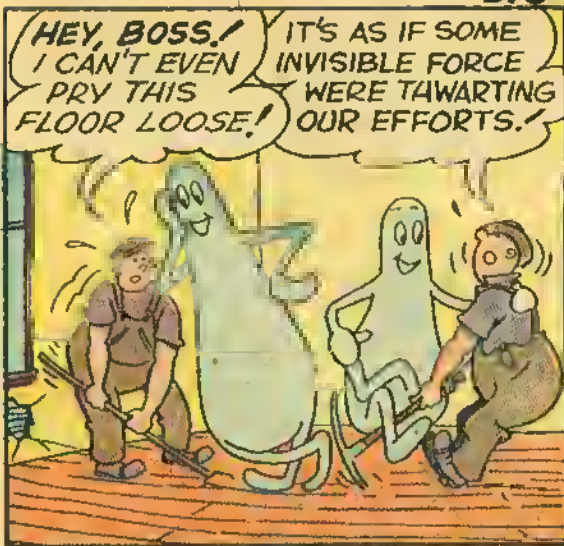
by MARTY MARION







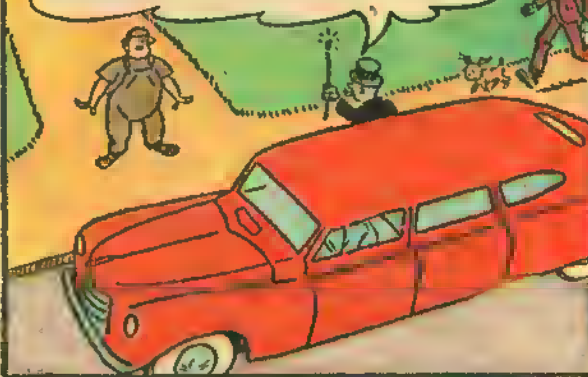
# BIG SHOT



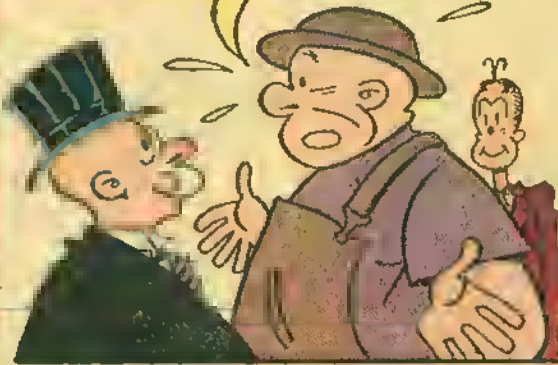


# BIG SHOT

WHY ISN'T THE HOUSE TORN DOWN?... I PAID FIFTY-THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THIS PROPERTY... AND I WANT MY FACTORY ERECTED IN A HURRY!!



BUT, MISTER MILLION BUCKS— EVERY TIME WE TEAR IT DOWN, THE HOUSE BUILDS ITSELF UP AGAIN.



HAHA! YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING UNTIL YOU TALK WITH FRANKIE AND DRACKY!

THEN LEAD ME TO THEM!



LET ME OUT OF HERE!

HAHAHA! DON'T BE AFRAID. THEY'RE JUST A COUPLE OF RETIRED MILLIONAIRES WHO LIKE TO PLAY GHOSTS!

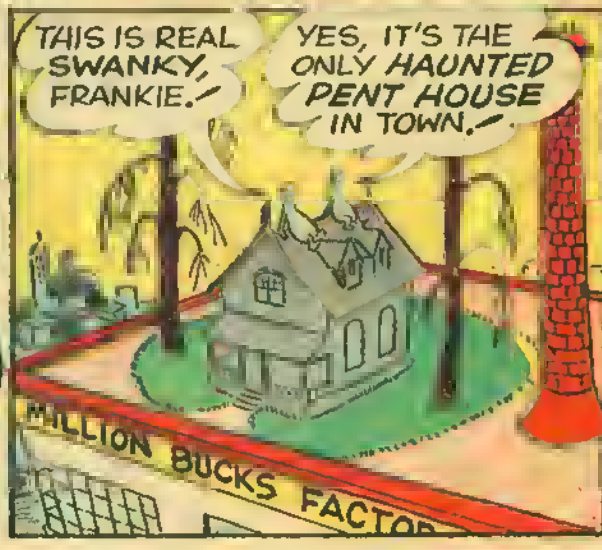


YOU DRIVE A HARD BARGAIN, DRACKY!



THIS IS REAL SWANKY, FRANKIE!

YES, IT'S THE ONLY HAUNTED PENT HOUSE IN TOWN!



# The Revolution Comes to Jamie Cuthbert

By MART BAILEY

JAMIE CUTHBERT, who had hoped some day to win the Heavyweight Boxing Championship of the British Empire and instead had won the hand of Dorothy Holliday and had contentedly settled down to the life of a Massachusetts farmer, did not hear the horseman at first. He was roused to wakefulness in the dark room by the squalling of his daughter, Dorothy, age three months and eleven days.

Groaning, he pulled together the six-foot-four inches of his huge, muscular frame and bounded out of the big feathered bed. His bare feet caught a splinter from the planked floor, and he hopped about on one foot fumbling for it, when he became aware, above the bawling of the infant, of a man shouting and a horse stamping the turf beneath his bedroom window.

"All right All right!" he shouted, his voice booming through the house. "Do you want to wake the house?" He opened the small latticed windows wider and leaned over the sill.

"Be careful, dear," cautioned his wife, holding the quietening baby in the shadows. "It may be some ruffian."

The night was dark — it was scarcely after midnight of April 19, 1775—so he did not immediately recognize the man in the tri-cornered hat who sat upon the impatiently sidling horse.

"General Gage has dispatched a force of 800 men to destroy our military stores at Concord," said the horseman, breathing hard. "They're also on the way to Parson Clarke's house to arrest John Hancock and Samuel Adams."

Jamie recognized him now. He was the dentist who had rigged a bit of ivory on a silver wire to replace Jamie's missing front tooth. A strange man—jack of all trades, metalsmith, engraver, artist, soldier, almost anything you could mention—a hothead named Paul Revere.

"What is that to me?" snapped Jamie.

The horseman had been about to dash away. He wheeled his impatient mount back to the house. "Don't you understand?" he bellowed.

"We need every man able to carry a musket to stop them. Liberty is in the balance tonight!"

Jamie made a derisive sound with his tongue. "It's my sleep is in the balance tonight," he complained. "Go rouse some other hotheads like yourself. I'm going back to bed."

As he started to pull in his head from the window, the front door downstairs opened and a giant of a man stepped out. It was his friend, Paddy Doyle, the Dublin Terror, who had been a second father to him and had taught him all he knew about boxing.

"Thank Heavens there's one man in the house!" spat Paul Revere, and roweled his horse's flanks with his spurs. The animal reared on its hind legs, and was off across the countryside as if pursued by seven demons.

Paddy Doyle looked up at the window. The night masked the grin on his fist-mashed face, but he waved the long musket invitingly. "Come on, Jamie-boy, or you'll miss the sport!"

"You ought to be ashamed," Jamie told him. "Are you going to fight our friends in England, too?"

"It's not our friends I fight," said Paddy Doyle, his voice husky in the darkness. "It's tyranny. Aye, and if there's trouble tonight, 'tis many a true Englishman will be standing shoulder to shoulder with me on the firing line. Hurry, Jamie-lad!"

"Hurry yourself," blurted Jamie Cuthbert. "You'll be in fit company among addle-pated idiots!"

He shut the latticed windows with a bang that set the baby crying again. For a few moments he stood there in his nightshirt, watching Paddy Doyle race across the fields. Beyond the rail fence, the old pugilist was joined by other running shadows. They would be farmers and farmhands from the neighborhood. Minute Men, they called themselves.

"Fools and madmen," Jamie Cuthbert muttered, climbing back into bed.



## BIG SHOT

IF HE HAD EXPECTED to drop right off to sleep again, Jamie was mistaken. Dorothy had quit the baby, and all was silent in the night around the farm and the surrounding woods. But he couldn't get to sleep. He stared up at the attic rafters, just barely discernible in the darkness. Already he regretted the sharp words flung at his old friend.

The long friendship between him and Paddy Doyle, the battered old pugilist, was too precious, too heart-warming, too necessary to his contentment, to be thrown away in a hot temper. Yet he put the blame on Paddy for being such a fool, and cuddled his own hurt feelings under a blanket of self-righteousness.

Tonight's swiftly moving events had not been unexpected. For months they had been discussed and planned, and not in whispers. Everyone knew what was coming; or, rather, thought they knew what was coming. Few even remotely suspected that their actions would finally create a new nation out of thirteen niggling colonies. Paddy and Jamie had talked the matter practically to death, with themselves and their neighbors. At first, like Jamie, Paddy was indifferent, inclined to scoff good-humoredly. He had no doubt about any demonstration of feeling being quickly put down by the militia. But the firebrands' wild talk kindled his Irish heart until it flamed. Jamie, on the other hand, remained coldly unable to see any sense in the growing anger. He had done with fighting; he had never fought, anyway, except with his fists in the prize-ring; he was a peaceful farmer now, desiring only prosperity for his crops and his herds and his family. Paddy forgave him. He realized that the young Scot did not know, as he did at first hand, that tyranny could destroy all those things and turn a man into a hunted animal simply because he wanted to go to his own church on Sundays.

As he lay on the enormous four-poster bed, his brain fuming with annoying thoughts, the drum of horses' hooves again pounded across his fields. On his front door sounded heavy raps, as of a rifle butt hammered against the panels.

"Open up!" demanded a voice accustomed to being opened.

The baby started crying again, and Jamie Cuthbert angrily flung himself out of bed and crossed to the window.

"What do you want now?" he shouted down, and then saw that this disturber of his night's rest was not Paul Revere, as he had expected. Even in the blue nocturnal gloom he recognized the lanky, rapier-straight frame of Squire Kingsman, whom he called, with good reason, "the long-legged snake." The Squire was accompanied by two red-coated infantrymen. Evidently they belonged to the small clump of troops whom

Jamie now saw halted and at ease on the other side of the meadow.

"That you, Master Cuthbert?" snapped the Squire, sitting erect upon his prancing mount—a spirited black horse named *Satan*, as undependable and wicked as the Squire himself. "It's lucky you are to be home tonight and not abroad with the rebels."

Disappointment rang in the Squire's voice, and Jamie Cuthbert knew why. The Squire had never forgiven him for marrying Dorothy Holliday. He still looked for ways to bedevil the young Scot. If Jamie had not been at home, as the other militia men could have testified, he would have been arrested on sight and hurried along to the gallows.

"And why am I lucky?" asked Jamie, leaning out the window. "That is, besides being the husband of Dorothy Holliday?" he added, unable to restrain the thrust.

He never knew whether it was the horse or the Squire that snorted in the darkness.

"Because within the hour your rebel friends will be dead," sneered the Squire. "We ride to spring the trap that comes of knowing where they plan to gather their forces."

THE SQUIRE trotted off in the darkness, followed by the two riflemen on foot. Long after the last hoofbeat had died on the cool night air, Jamie Cuthbert remained at the open window. His nostrils filled with the smells of Spring blossoming over the earth. Except for Dorothy lullabying the baby, all was quiet. The world seemed at peace. That momentous events were afoot, that soon would be fired "the shot heard 'round the world," seemed incredible.

"Are you going to stand there all night?" asked Dorothy, gently.

Jamie said nothing. He was thinking of Paddy Doyle and the farmers and farmhands with him. Fools and madmen, he had called them. But they were all good men. Good men. His friends. Could they be wrong and an unchanged rogue like Squire Kingsman be right? It was unthinkable. And they were doomed. Squire Kingsman and his militia were marching to spring the trap.

Jamie turned as Dorothy touched his arm. He made out the dim outline of her sweet face in the darkness.

"You still have time to warn them," she whispered. "By the time you have saddled the horse I'll have your mustket and pistols ready."

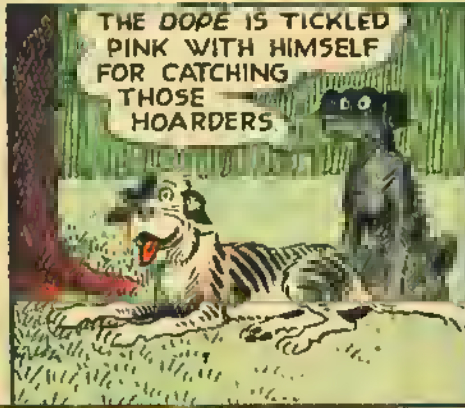
Jamie Cuthbert kissed his wife. "Paddy and the others are Minute Men," he whispered with a chuckle. "I'm a Half-Hour Man myself!"

THE END

# BO

BY FRANK BECK

BO  
AND  
JUNIOR  
HAVE  
AIDED  
THE  
POLICE  
IN  
CAPTURING  
TWO  
GUNPOWDER  
HOARDERS



THE DOPE IS TICKLED  
PINK WITH HIMSELF  
FOR CATCHING  
THOSE  
HOARDERS.



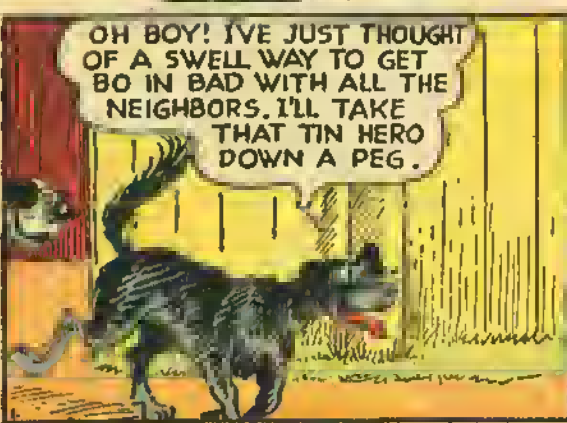
HERE, BO. YOU  
LOOK PRETTY  
HOT SO I GOT  
YOU A PAN  
OF COOL WATER.

AND I HAVE TO DRINK  
OUT OF GUTTERS. I'VE  
JUST GOT TO FIGURE OUT  
A WAY OF GETTING  
HIM IN BAD.



IF YOU WANT  
TO HAVE A LOT  
OF FUN, BO,  
JUST FOLLOW  
ME.

OKAY,  
TRIX,  
LEAD  
ON.



OH BOY! I'VE JUST THOUGHT  
OF A SWELL WAY TO GET  
BO IN BAD WITH ALL THE  
NEIGHBORS. I'LL TAKE  
THAT TIN HERO  
DOWN A PEG.



WHERE  
IS TRIX  
TAKING  
ME?



# BIG SHOT

HE SURE KNOWS  
HIS WAY AROUND  
THESE SIDE STREETS  
AND BACK ALLEYS.



WE'RE ALMOST  
THERE, BO.

OH BOY, AM I  
GOING TO GET  
BO IN BAD!



HERE WE ARE IN  
THE PARK... NOW  
WHERE IS THE  
BIKE PATH?



IT'S MORE FUN IF YOU  
PICK OUT THE ONES  
WHO ARE JUST  
LEARNING TO  
RIDE.



NOW I'LL CHASE THE  
NEXT ONE AND YOU  
WATCH WHAT  
HAPPENS.



LOOK OUT!  
GO AWAY OR  
YOU'LL BE RUN  
OVER!



THERE SHE GOES INTO  
THE CURB... NOW IF I  
CAN GET BO DOING  
THIS HE'LL SOON LOSE  
HIS HERO RATING.



I DIDN'T  
SEE ANY  
FUN IN THAT.  
WHAT'S THE  
IDEA?

WELL... SHE  
DIDN'T YELL  
AND MAKE AS  
MUCH FUSS  
AS MOST OF  
THEM DO.

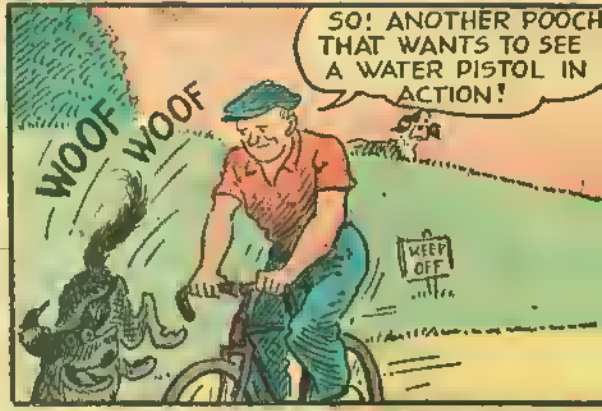


# BIG SHOT

I'LL PICK OUT ANOTHER ONE AND TRY IT, AND YOU WATCH AGAIN.



SO! ANOTHER POOCH THAT WANTS TO SEE A WATER PISTOL IN ACTION!

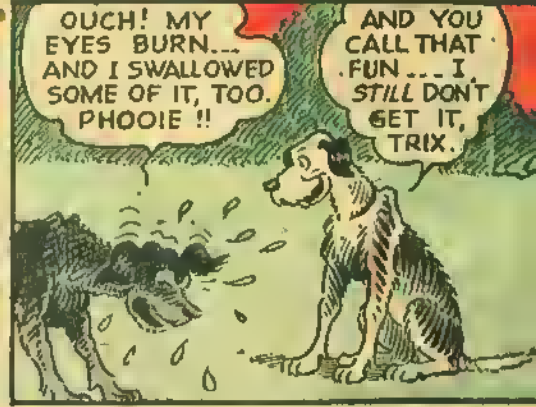


THERE'S A LITTLE AMMONIA IN IT TO MAKE THE FLAVOR LAST.

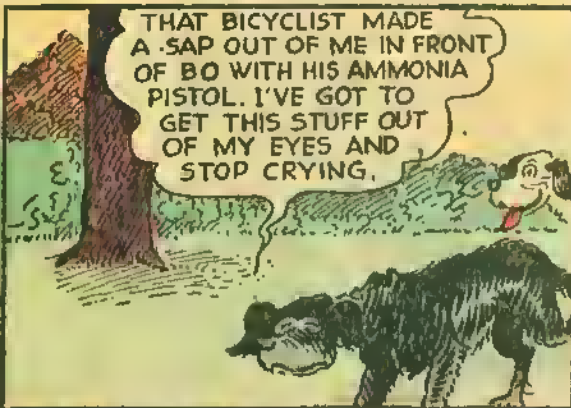


OUCH! MY EYES BURN... AND I SWALLOWED SOME OF IT, TOO. PHOOIE !!

AND YOU CALL THAT FUN... I STILL DON'T GET IT, TRIX.



THAT BICYCLIST MADE A SAP OUT OF ME IN FRONT OF BO WITH HIS AMMONIA PISTOL. I'VE GOT TO GET THIS STUFF OUT OF MY EYES AND STOP CRYING.



THAT POND WILL DO THE TRICK. THEN I CAN START THINKING OF A WAY TO GET BO IN BAD...

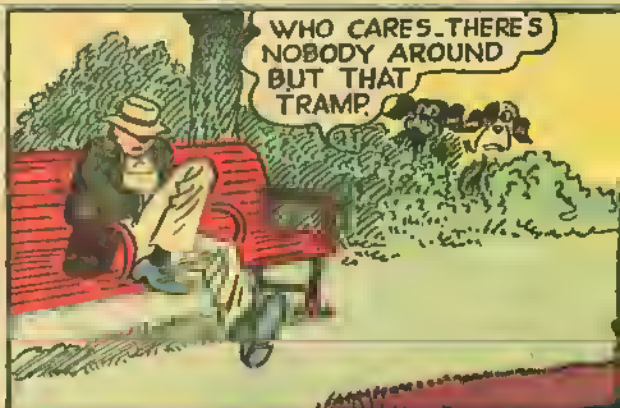


COME ON, LET'S TAKE A SWIM IN THAT POND, BO!

THEY DON'T ALLOW OOGS IN THE PARK LAKES.

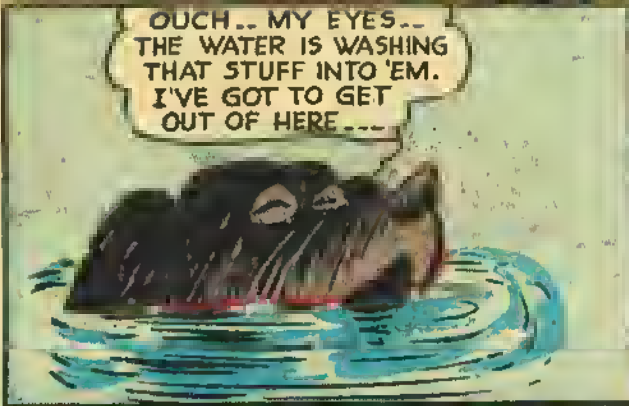


WHO CARES. THERE'S NOBODY AROUND BUT THAT TRAMP.

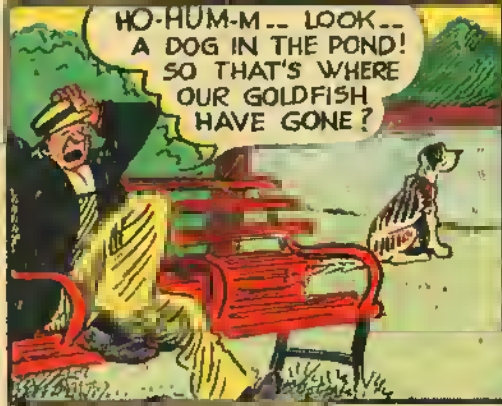




OUCH... MY EYES...  
THE WATER IS WASHING  
THAT STUFF INTO 'EM.  
I'VE GOT TO GET  
OUT OF HERE...



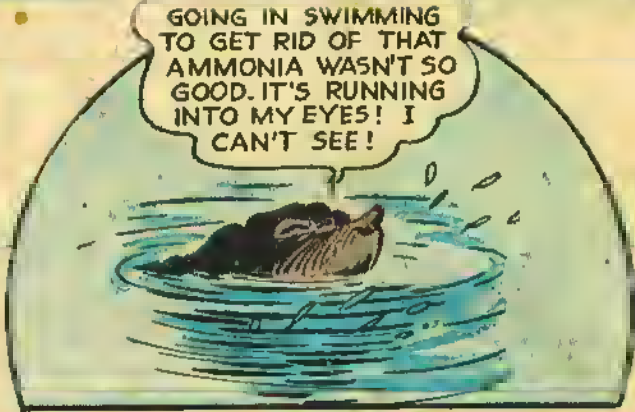
HO-HUM-M... LOOK...  
A DOG IN THE POND!  
SO THAT'S WHERE  
OUR GOLDFISH  
HAVE GONE?



GET OUT OF  
THERE YOU..  
YOU...YOU  
GOLDFISH  
KILLER...



GOING IN SWIMMING  
TO GET RID OF THAT  
AMMONIA WASN'T SO  
GOOD. IT'S RUNNING  
INTO MY EYES! I  
CAN'T SEE!



GOSH THAT MAN IS  
MAD. TRIX KNEW DOGS  
AREN'T ALLOWED IN  
PARK PONDS... I  
HOPE HE GETS  
AWAY...



TRYING TO GET  
AWAY  
ON THE  
OTHER  
SIDE, EH!  
I'LL FOOL  
HIM...



THIS AMMONIA IN  
MY EYES IS AWFUL.  
I CAN'T SEE...  
I'M SWIMMING  
IN CIRCLES!



RUN ME AROUND  
THE POND...  
- I'LL FIX  
YOU...



TRIX SURE HAS NERVE...  
LOOK HOW HE'S TEASING  
THAT MAN. I'D BE SO  
SCARED I'D GET  
RIGHT OUT.



!!O!! NO DOG CAN MAKE A  
FOOL OUT OF ME. I'LL GO AND  
GET GUS TO  
HELP ME.



YOU'D BETTER  
BEAT IT. WITH A  
MAN ON EACH SIDE  
TO GRAB YOU, IT'S  
TOO RISKY.

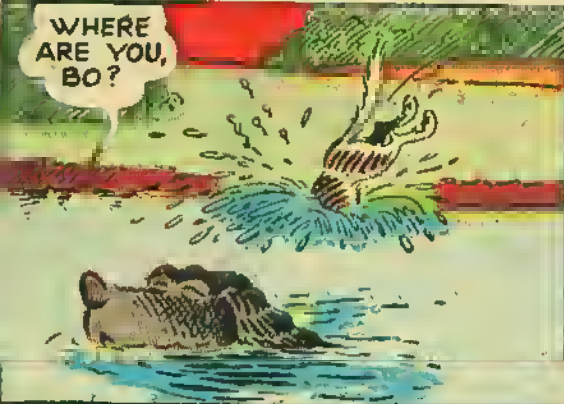
I CAN'T  
SEE THAT  
AMMONIA  
IS IN MY  
EYES!



I THOUGHT YOU  
WERE KIDDING HIM!  
YOU MEAN...OH  
MY GOSH!!



WHERE  
ARE YOU,  
BO?



I NEED HELP TO CATCH  
THAT POOCH IN THE  
FISH POND!

I CAN'T  
LEAVE THIS  
NOW. LATER  
MAYBE?



HERE I AM, TRIX. GRAB  
HOLD OF MY TAIL AND I'LL  
GUIDE YOU ASHORE. THAT  
PARK WATCHMAN WILL  
BE BACK WITH HELP SO  
MAKE IT SNAPPY.

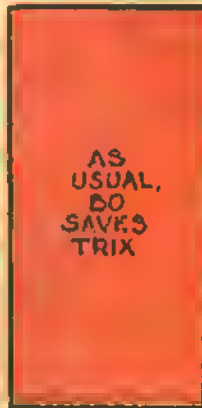
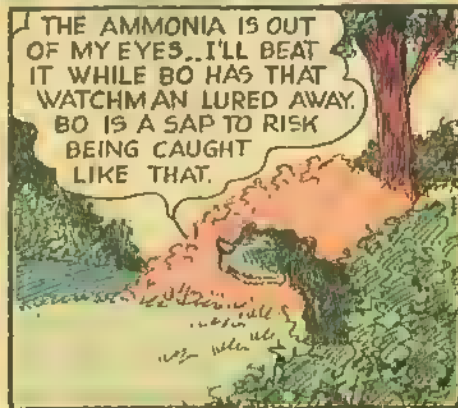
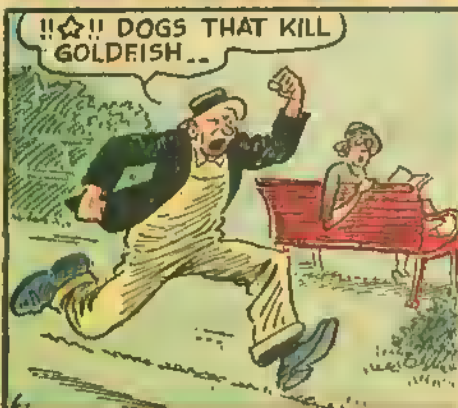
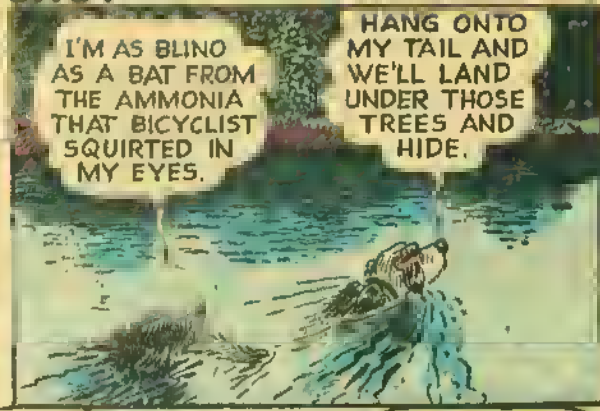
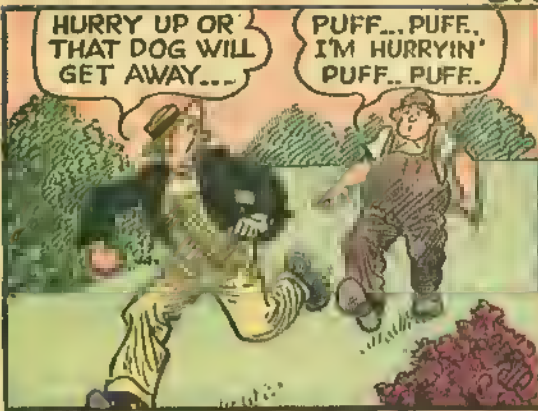


OUCH! YOU'RE BITING  
MY TAIL OFF. I SAID I'D  
GUIDE YOU, NOT TOW  
YOU ASHORE. KEEP  
ON SWIMMING





# BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

# TONY TRENT

by MART BAILEY



ONE NIGHT IN PARIS, TONY TRENT, FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT AND ACE NEWS BROADCASTER, HEARS SOUNDS OF A MURDEROUS SCUFFLE —AND THUS RENEWS HIS ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE MOST WICKED GENIUS IN EUROPE!



AS HE PLUNGES HEADLONG INTO THE DARK ALLEY TO RESCUE THE VICTIM OF THE DEADLY ATTACK, AN EVIL LAUGH CHUCKLES OUT OF THE SHADOWS...



AND A CANE, THRUST DEFTLY BETWEEN HIS FLYING LEGS, PITCHES HIM OVER THE COBBLE-STONES...





# BIG SHOT



YOU WHO HAVE READ THE TONY TRENT BOOK NO.3 HAVE ALREADY MET THIS SINISTER MAN....

CAN YOU GUESS WHO HE IS BEFORE TONY TRENT DOES?



# BIG SHOT



I AM A FRIEND.  
DON'T YOU  
UNDERSTAND  
—A FRIEND—

MAGNIFICENT!  
A SUPERB  
PARRY—



YOU ARE AN EXCELLENT  
SWORDSMAN, M'SIEUR!  
... FORGIVE MY MISTAKING  
YOU FOR ONE OF THOSE  
CUTTHROATS—

LISTEN...  
FOOTSTEPS!  
SOMEONE RUN-  
NING DOWN  
THE ALLEY  
THIS WAY—



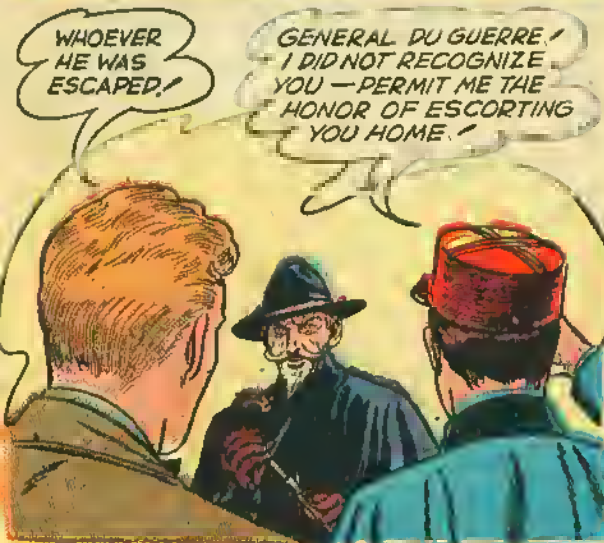
GENDARMES!

GLAD YOU CAME, OFFICERS!  
THE OTHERS SEEM TO HAVE  
FLED— BUT YOU'LL FIND  
THE RINGLEADER LYING IN  
THE SHADOWS OVER THERE...



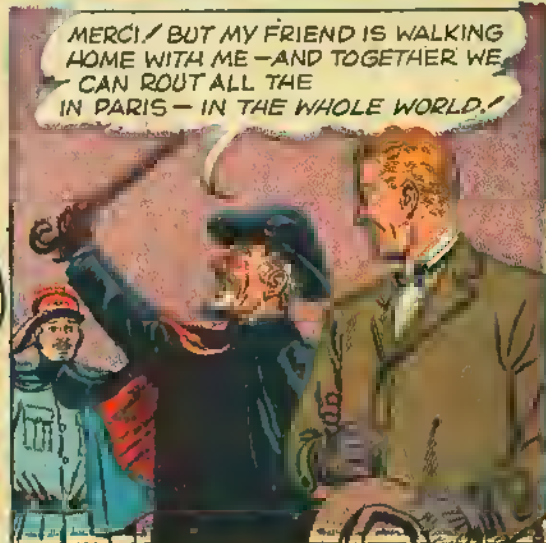
NO ONE IS  
HERE, M'SIEUR—

THAT EVIL LAUGH  
—DO YOU HEAR IT?  
MOCKING US FROM  
THE ROOFTOPS!



WHOEVER  
HE WAS  
ESCAPED!

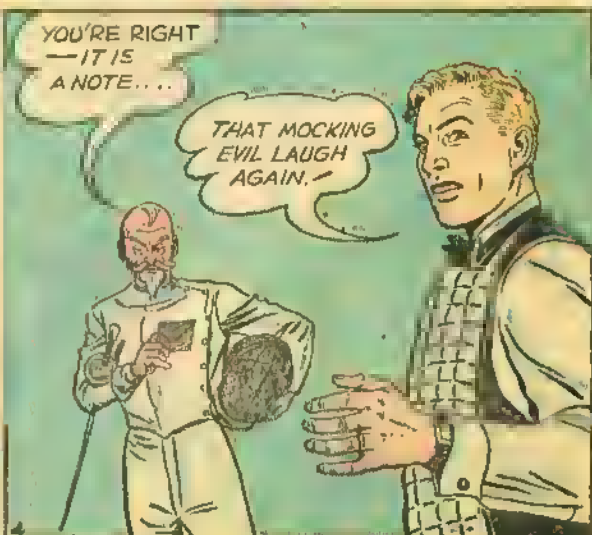
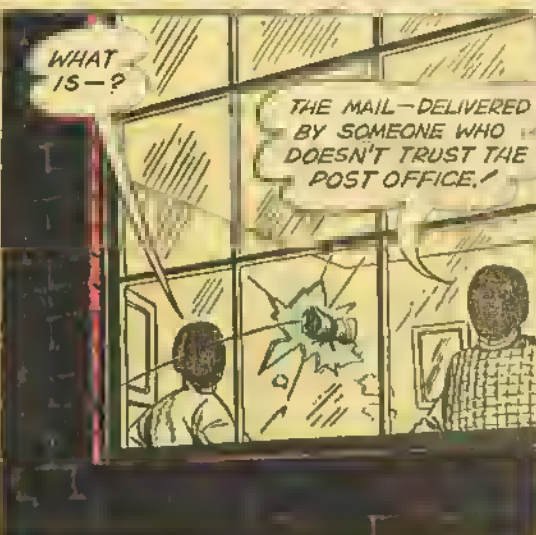
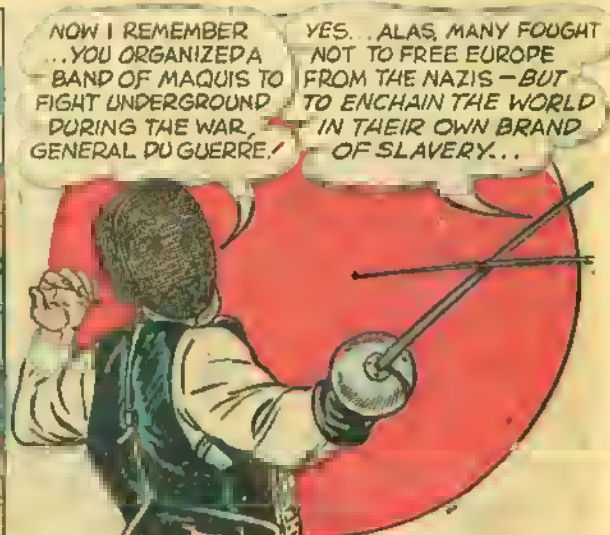
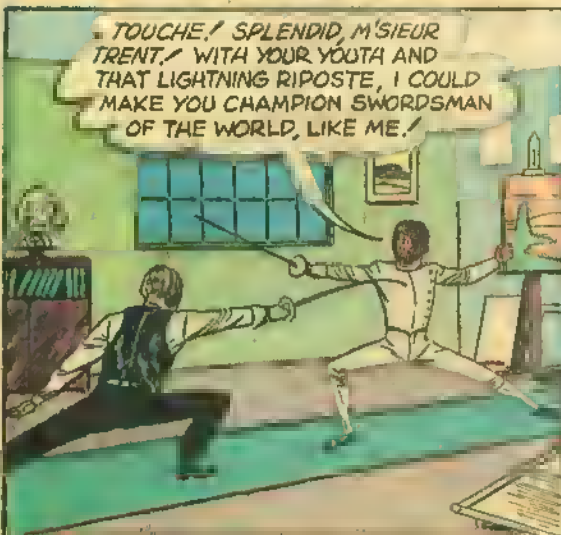
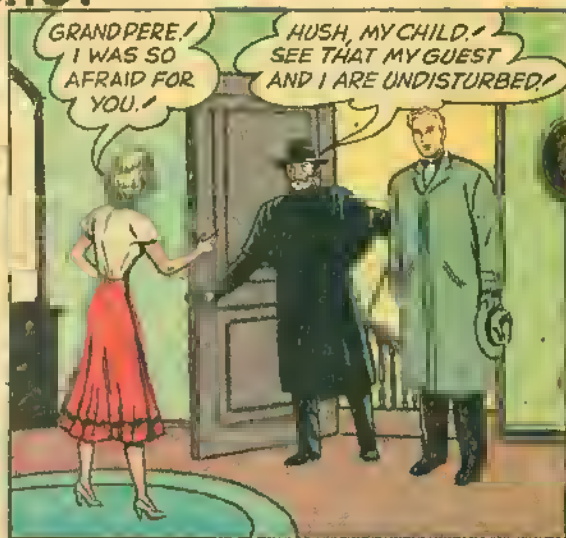
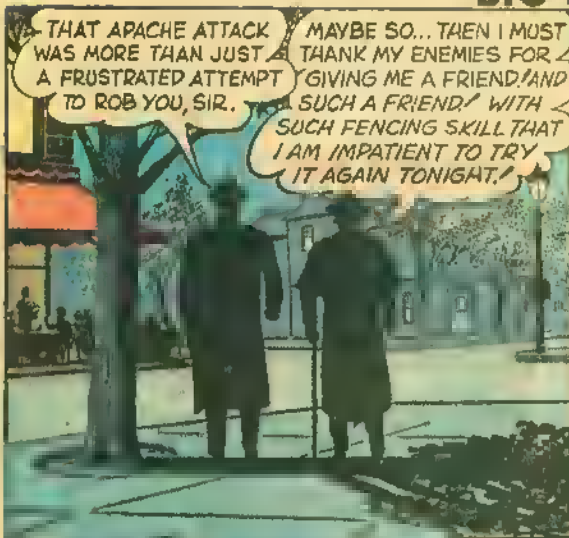
GENERAL DU GUERRE!  
I DID NOT RECOGNIZE  
YOU — PERMIT ME THE  
HONOR OF ESCORTING  
YOU HOME.



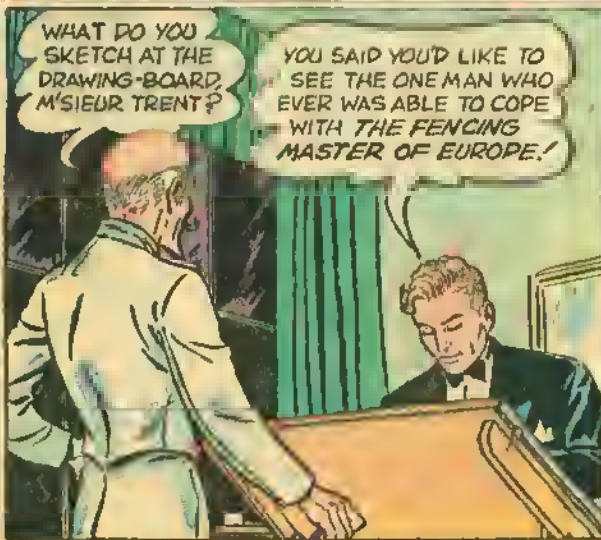
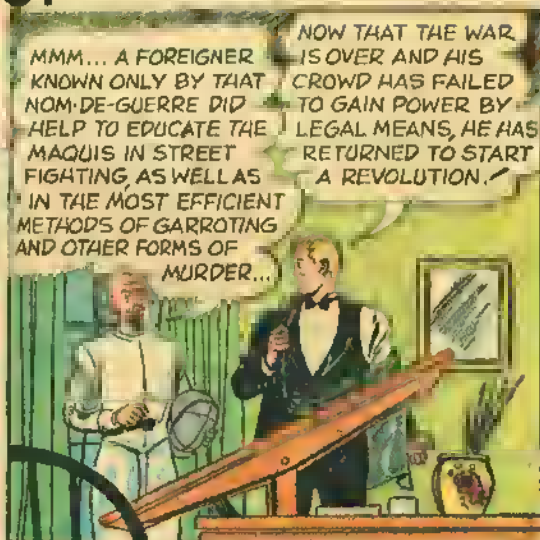
MERCI! BUT MY FRIEND IS WALKING  
HOME WITH ME — AND TOGETHER WE  
CAN ROUT ALL THE  
IN PARIS — IN THE WHOLE WORLD!



# BIG SHOT



# BIG SHOT



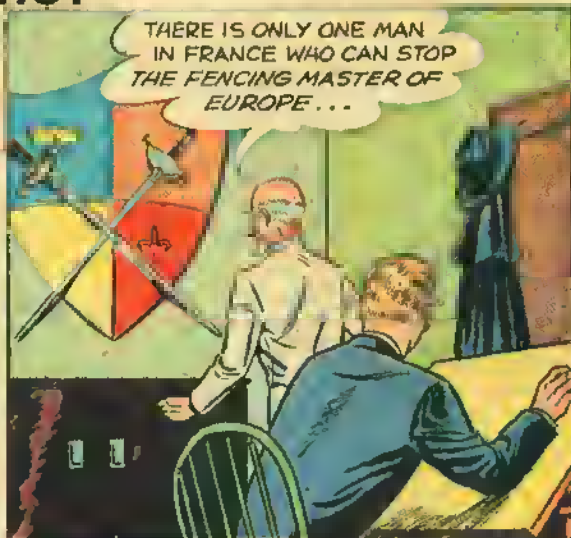


# BIG SHOT

ALORS! THE FACE IS ON  
THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE  
EARTH, FIGHTING THEM IN CHINA...



THERE IS ONLY ONE MAN  
IN FRANCE WHO CAN STOP  
THE FENCING MASTER OF  
EUROPE...

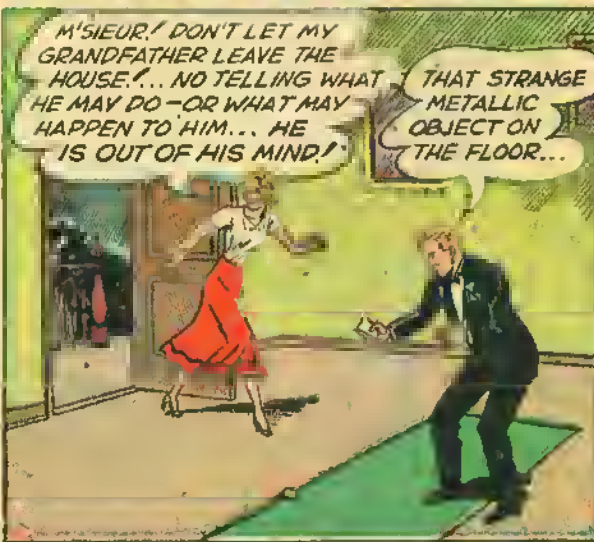


I - GENERAL DU GUERRE -  
CHAMPION SWORDSMAN  
OF THE WORLD!



M'SIEUR! DON'T LET MY  
GRANDFATHER LEAVE THE  
HOUSE... NO TELLING WHAT  
HE MAY DO - OR WHAT MAY  
HAPPEN TO HIM... HE  
IS OUT OF HIS MIND!

THAT STRANGE  
METALLIC  
OBJECT ON  
THE FLOOR...



M'SIEUR!  
WHAT  
ARE YOU  
DOING?

FORGIVE ME, MADEMOISELLE!  
YOUR GRANDFATHER NEGLECTED  
TO SAY THE NOTE CAME WRAPPED  
IN WHAT ONLY COULD BE A SMALL  
BOMB - PRIMED TO EXPLODE  
AT ANY MOMENT!



IS THIS THE END OF TONY TRENT.....?

# The Most Amazing Factory-To-You Introductory Offer Ever Made to Our Magazine Readers



Not One... Not Two... But **ALL 3**

Yes, This Perfectly Matched **3 PIECE POCKET SET**

WITH YOUR NAME EN-  
GRAVED ON ALL THREE  
WRITING INSTRUMENTS  
IN GOLD LETTERS . . . Factory To You

**\$169**

New unfathomable machinery invention and manufacturing meth-  
ods now give you the GORGEOUS fountain pen, ball pen and me-  
chanical pencil with most prodigious economies unheard of 2  
months ago! These tremendous savings poured on factory-to-  
you. Even when you see and use, you won't believe such beauty,  
rank expert workmanship, such instant and dependability writing  
service paragon at this introductory price! Competition says we're  
saving mad. Decide for yourself at our risk.



## 1 FOUNTAIN PEN

Fashionable gold plate HOODED POINT  
writes velvet smooth as bold or fine as  
you prefer . . . can't leak feed guarantee  
steady ink flow . . . always moist point  
writes instantly . . . no clogging . . . lever  
filler fills pen to top without pumping . . .  
deep pocket clip safeguards against loss.

## 2 BALL POINT PEN

Has identical ball point found on \$15 pens  
... NO DIFFERENCE! Rolls new 1948 in-  
delible dark blue ball pen ink dry as you  
write. Makes carbon copies. Writes  
under water or high in places. Can't leak  
or smudge. Ink supply will last up to 1  
year depending on how much you write.  
Refills at any drug store. Deep pocket clip.

## 3 MECHANICAL PENCIL

Grips standard lead and just a twist pro-  
pels, retracts, expels. Shaped to match foun-  
tain pen and ball pen and feels good in  
your hand. Unscrews in middle for extra  
lead reservoir and eraser. Mechanically  
perfect and should last a lifetime!

**10-DAY HOME TRIAL** ➤  
**FULL YEAR'S GUARANTEE** ➤  
**DOUBLE MONEY BACK OFFER** ➤  
**SEND NO MONEY — MAIL COUPON** ➤

Yes, only the latest manufacturing equipment and inventor  
could possibly cut production costs to bring a perfectly matched  
factory-to-you value like this. The matched set are  
practically unbeatable. Unheard of beauty, unheard of service,  
unheard of price and your name in gold letters on all three  
writing instruments or our special introductory gift if you mail  
coupon now! Send no money! On arrival deposit only \$1.69  
plus C.O.D. postage or the positive guarantee you see below  
and for any reason in 10 days and your \$1.69 refunded. Could  
any offer be more fair? This mail coupon today and see for  
yourself a new day in this willing instrument value!

**M.P.K. COMPANY, Dept. 52-A**  
179 North Michigan, Chicago 1, Illinois

Matched perfectly in polished, gleaming colorful lifetime  
pleasure. Important, we will pay you double your money back  
if you are equal, this offer anywhere in the world! Most  
important, you use 10 days then return for full cash refund  
if you aren't satisfied for any reason. Most important, all  
three, fountain pen, ball pen, and pencil, are each individu-  
ally guaranteed in writing for one year (they should last  
all your lifetime). Full size. Beautiful. Write instantly with-  
out clogging. The greatest most amazing value ever offered.  
Your name in gold letters on all three if you see now.  
Mail the coupon to see for yourself.

RIGHT RESERVED TO WITHDRAW OFFER AT ANYTIME

## SPECIAL OFFER COUPON

M.P.K. Company, Dept. 52-A  
179 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Illinois

Only "match" men! Most of them PERFECTLY MATCHED FOUNTAIN  
PEN, BALL PEN and MECHANICAL PENCIL with your name engraved in  
gold letters. Engrave your name on all three. Full size. Beautiful. Write instantly with-  
out clogging. The greatest most amazing value ever offered.  
Your name in gold letters on all three if you see now.  
Mail the coupon to see for yourself.

ENGRAVE THIS NAME ON ALL 3 PIECES:

NAME (Print clearly . . . Avoid mistakes)  
SEND TO NAME  
ADDRESS  
CITY STATE



Greatest Value Ever Offered BIG SHOT Readers!



Beautiful Smooth Grain  
**ZIPPER BILFOLD**

Smartly Styled Precision  
**BALL POINT PEN**

Handiest Pencil Type  
**POCKET FLASHLIGHT**

Monogram Initialed  
**PLASTIC KEY HOLDER**

All for only  
**\$1.98**

*It "Zips" All the Way Around*



De Luxe  
Quality

Clear  
View  
Celluloid  
Windows

MASTERPIECE of  
BILFOLD Design  
and Workmanship

Pencil-Type  
METAL POCKET  
FLASHLIGHT  
complete with  
2 BURGESS  
BATTERIES

This is  
ACTUAL  
SIZE

BALL  
POINT  
PEN

Newest  
Features  
Precision-tip

Monogram  
Initialed  
KEY HOLDER  
Pliable Plastic

Flashlight has red  
plastic reflector for  
use as a warning signal

**We GUARANTEE** that you can't duplicate this sensational value for less money anywhere in America today!

There without a doubt is the greatest merchandise bargain you'll be likely to see for years to come. Only our tremendous purchasing power and large volume "discount-to-you" method of distribution makes such a value possible. Shop around and see for yourself. What's also today see you get: (1) A beautiful Zipper Bifold with Built-in Pen Case and Change Pouch. (2) A new type precision made Ball Point Pen. (3) A handy Pliastic Key Holder monogrammed with your choice Initials. (4) A Pencil-Type Pocket Flashlight complete with batteries. . . . . 4 big Values in ALL for ONE LOW PRICE of \$1.98. You might oddsensibly suspect to pay that price for a bifold or a flashlight, either or both, if bought separately at today's prices.

When you see these highly useful articles and realize their many outstanding features as described, you'll agree that we are giving you a value you won't be able to duplicate for a long time. Don't delay taking advantage of this big money-saving offer. You get so much value for such a trifling low cost. The limited supply on hand is sure to sell out fast so it will be first come, first served. **SEND NO MONEY!** Just mail the handy order coupon below on our 10-day money-back guarantee offer.

**SEND NO MONEY! Rush This Order Coupon!**

**ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 5773-A**  
1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

Gentlemen: Rush me the 4 Big Values as shown C.O.D. for only \$1.98 (tax 15c and law state postage charges I must be collected in every way with all 4 articles: Bifold, Flashlight, Pen and Key Holder) also enclosed find I have made a real saving of 1 cent return my purchase within 10 days for full refund.

Give the one INITIAL wanted on Key Holder:

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

☐ To save shipping charges I enclose \$2.98 plus 15c tax in Advance (total \$3.13, shipping extra, no postage, all postage charges made)